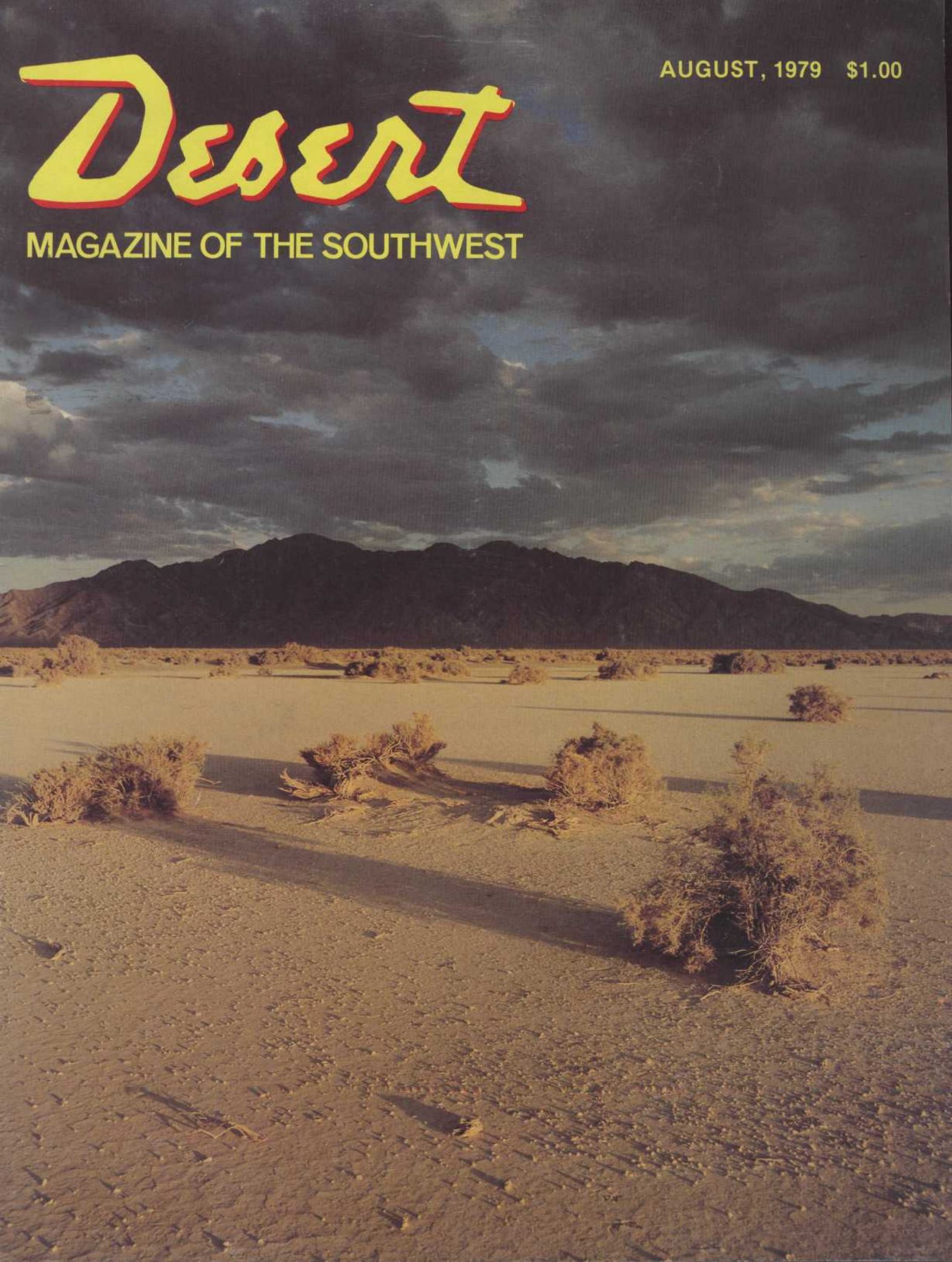


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THE COVER:
Lone mountain on a summer evening near an alkali flat in Nevada. Photo by David Muench of Santa Barbara, California.

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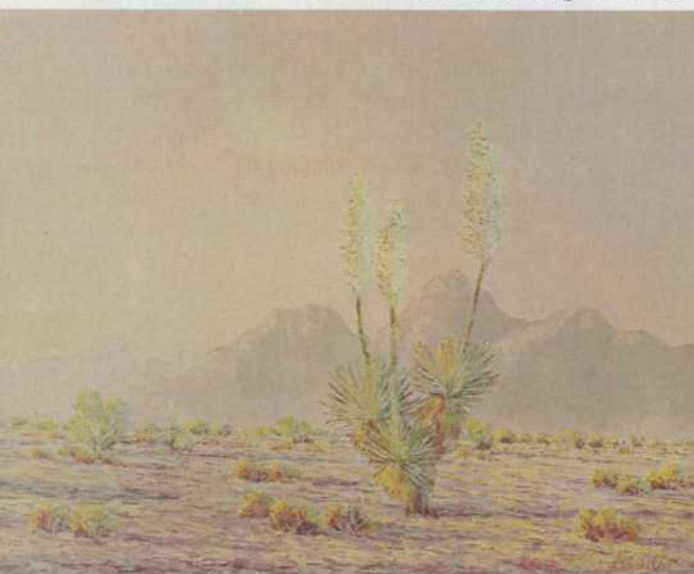
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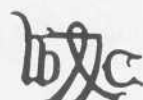
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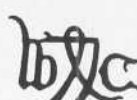
Like much of Western history, Telluride's melodramatic character emerges from the exaggerated scale of people and events that made up its day. Here were men blasting a railroad out of solid rock, Big Billy the kindhearted madam, a world's first in power generation, a strike that angered the nation, and a daring bank robbery by a kid named Butch Cassidy and a group called the Wild Bunch. Telluride has not become a museum. Telluride today is very much alive, and as fine a living reminder of the Old West as one can find.



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Books for Desert Readers

BY BILL JENNINGS



THE BAJA FEELING

By Ben Hunter

Before you get tired of reading "discovery" books about Baja California, you had better pick up this one, because it is refreshing.

The author is a longtime radio and television personality in Los Angeles, but that's not the reason you should try his book. It's very good, that's the main reason, and it also is rather informative, which is hard to believe after several hundred Baja books.

Ben Hunter writes his own stuff, and that's important, too, because you will see Baja through his eyes, not some ghost writer who got no closer to Loreto than Malibu. He admits he's a novice, and that's important, because the odds are good that the reader is just as much out of his element the first few trips south of Ensenada or San Felipe and it

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pays to read about other people's misfortunes.

The *Baja Feeling* may not offer much new for the old Baja hand, but then again it just might, and certainly it contains a wealth of firsthand experiences for those of you who are just thinking about going down for the first time.

Hunter eventually built a house—at Nueva Espana, hard by a Mexican *ejido*, or farm commune, named Chapultepec, not far from Ensenada, overlooking the Pacific Ocean. If you're not into becoming a parttime Baja resident, you may want to skip the inevitable trauma involved, but it is entertaining reading, and part of the Hunters' education as well.

The tribulations of Gringo homebuilding anywhere in Baja have been well told by many writers before Hunter, but it is still entertaining, and at least you have the benefit of his mistakes before embarking on your own casa. A word of advice: Don't!

Hardcover, 334 pages, photographs and drawings, \$8.95.



BACKPACKING GUIDE TO SAN DIEGO COUNTY

By Skip Ruland

This slim paperback covers a lot more ground than its title suggests. It is both a backpacking guide and a handy reference file for many of the emergency ser-

vices and mountain-desert safety tips you will need in a far larger area than merely San Diego County.

It is a guide to the back country of the entire Anza-Borrego Desert State Park, and as such it therefore assists visitors in two other counties, Riverside and Imperial. It includes a handy index of back country place names, descriptions of the Pacific Crest and California Riding and Hiking trails and many other useful tidbits for the back country visitor, whether he be a backpacker, a jeepster or just a casual visitor.

All of the mountain and summit climbs are signed by those who did the field work, indicating the book is not just the opinion of the editor, who operates the oldest backpacking shop in the San Diego County area.

Not all the hikes are very strenuous, and they are all rated as to their severity, including elevation gained or lost, total mileage from road to road, the name and dimensions of the topographical maps covering each and a good narrative, by people who have hiked the route.

Not all backpacking, for example, need by definition to be considered as overnight. Several in this little book are day hikes. Others are grouped together for extended backpack journeys involving several days and nights. Take your choice.

And, the author-editor includes a slip of paper on which you can write your criticisms and suggestions to help make the next edition better. Not many authors or publishers are that thoughtful.

Paperback, several maps, humorous drawings, 80 pages, \$2.95.

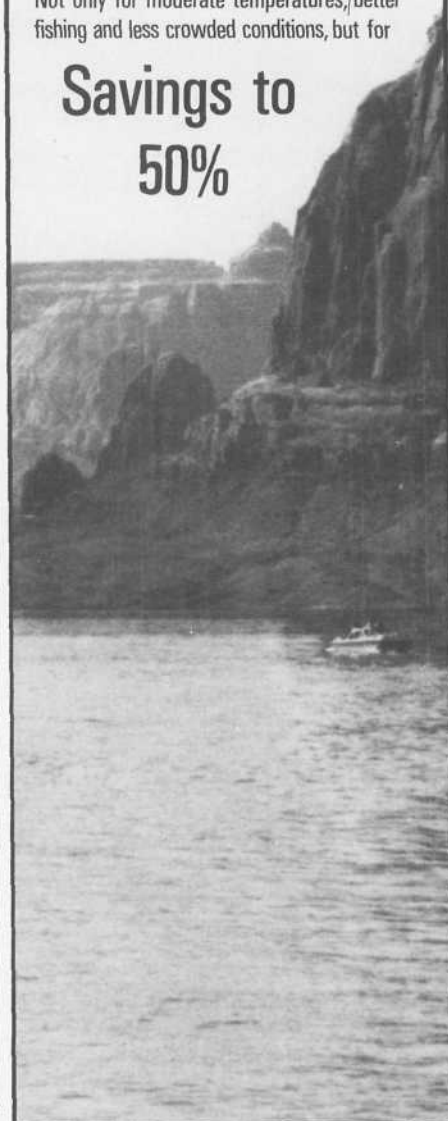
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A HAPPY ENCOUNTER

WORRIED ABOUT gasoline? Want to keep your summer vacation driving to a minimum, your scenic delights to a maximum? Too hot for the desert, yet you would like to be able to look over it once in a while? Try the pine-covered back country of California's San Diego County.

From Mt. Palomar on the northwest, to the Laguna Mountains on the southeast, there is a continuous, green uplands belt that ranges from 4,200 feet in the center of Julian, a history-rich old mining town, to more than 6,000 feet on Palomar and in the Llagunas and the maximum, 6,533 feet at the U. S. Forest Service lookout tower on Hot Springs Mountain, Los Coyotes Indian Reservation near Warner Springs.

You have a wide choice of overnight accommodations, from a 92-year-old gold rush hotel to federal and state campgrounds. Best of all, there is an abundance of food centers from hide-away gourmet dining to those familiar plastic fast food places. Gasoline stations are plentiful as well, along a network of scenic, predominantly two-lane state and county highways.

Julian, the oldest and most authentic of the scores of little towns still flanking those hundreds of miles of narrow, paved mountain roads, is worth more than a fuel or coffee stop. Pull over and stay a while. You may find it the perfect trip headquarters for a series of short drives into the surrounding Cuyamaca, Laguna, Palomar and Warner Hot Springs mountain areas.

The little mining center nearly 100 years ago was in the finals for selection as the San Diego County seat according to popular legend. This seems doubtful when you remember that San Diego County was formed in 1853, one of the original California groups, but the record is there.

It was established in either late 1869 or early 1870 by Drury Bailey, a former Confederate soldier from Georgia and named for his cousin, Mike Julian, the co-discoverer of a promising gold-flecked quartz ledge that was the second and deciding find leading to a new rush.

A few months earlier, a miner named Fred Coleman had started the new boom with a placer strike but it was the Bailey-Julian discovery that brought hundreds

by
**BILL
JENNINGS**

Julian, historic mining center in the San Diego County back country. False-front store buildings on right are authentic originals, some dating to before 1900.



of miners by early 1870.

Bailey, his two brothers, Jim and Frank, and the Julians, Mike and Webb, established homes in the pretty little mountain meadow and their descendants are still residents of San Diego, Riverside and Imperial counties.

The town prospered enough, according to the story, to force a new election to pick a county seat and lost out to San Diego by three votes.

The major mine of the area turned out to be the Stonewall, named by its discoverer, William Skidmore, for the famed general and president. It was 20 miles south of Julian. Skidmore, a member of a wagon train, reportedly found a

This old store building near Warner's Ranch stage station is often mistaken for a Butterfield stage station, but is historic in its own right, dating to the Civil War.



OF THE SUMMER KIND



rich ledge 10 miles south of Julian on March 22, 1870. By 1892, when the Stonewall closed, the mine had produced a reported \$2 million in gold and was owned for several years by Robert W. Waterman, governor of California from 1887 to 1891.

Some of the claims closer to Julian are still active, at least to the extent of being posted and fenced against trespass. These are in the Banner district, six miles east of Julian in the San Felipe Valley on the edge of Anza-Borrego Desert State Park, via State Route (SR) 78.

One Julian mine, the Eagle, remains open, a tourist attraction, with a display of old mining and milling equipment, including a five-stamp mill and a short tunnel.

With more than 50 active claims in the triple district—Banner, Julian, Cuyamaca—Julian grew into a sizable town

and had an estimated 500 residents by 1875, approximately the same number as today.

By 1887, a former slave, Albert Robinson, who had worked up a good stake in the mines, was able to build a two-story hotel, which remains today and is open for guests. It is described as the oldest continuously active hotel in Southern California, but predates three others by a matter of months, two in San Jacinto, Riverside County, and more importantly, the famous Hotel Del Coronado on San Diego Bay.

Julian's natural interest in history is also reflected in a well-filled Memorial Museum and the nearby branch county library located in the 1888-vintage Witch Creek School, moved to town from that community 13 miles to the west several years ago.

The nearest campgrounds are in Cuyamaca Rancho State Park, which also in-

cludes the site of the Stonewall Mine. Heart of the park is the 20,000-acre Mexican land grant for which the park is named. Cuyamaca reportedly is a Diegueno Indian word meaning "rain beyond." Much as the founding date for Julian, the total gold produced in Stonewall and many other facts about the area, the Cuyamaca derivation is subject to debate.

Regardless, the major attraction in the huge park today remains the mine and a museum and interpretive center in the beautiful old Green Valley ranch house and lodge, halfway between Julian and Descanso to the south.

The park also is well known for Los Caballos, a pioneering horseman's group campgrounds established in 1950, some years after the park was dedicated.

When the Waterman family owned the Stonewall Mine they also acquired the old Mexican land grant ranch.

Waterman sold the spread and his water-filled, played-out mine in 1892. He reportedly had spent more than \$100,000 trying to re-find the ore body with diamond drilling. Eventually, after a succession of rich owners, the rancho was sold to the state in 1933 by its then current owner, Ralph Dyar of Beverly Hills for \$125,000, about half its appraised value. The park contains many good campgrounds.

The park includes Cuyamaca Peak, second highest in San Diego County at 6,512 feet. Nearby Cuyamaca Lake is outside the park, as part of a local tax district. There are several private camps in this area, also.

Just east of Cuyamaca is the Laguna Recreation Area, a unit of the Cleveland National Forest, with several additional family and group campgrounds, a visitors center and numerous day use sites and trails.

Cuyamaca and Laguna are linked by County Route S1, generally known as the Sunrise Highway because of its breathtaking views along the ridge between the Lagunas and the Mason Valley-Vallecito region in the desert below, parts of which are in Anza-Borrego Desert State Park.

Anza-Borrego and Rancho Cuyamaca have a common boundary along the Sunrise Highway which provides several scenic turnouts with views east to the Salton Sea and Imperial Valley.

The northerly extension of the San

Diego County high country is marked by the distinctive whale-shaped profile of Mt. Palomar and the pyramidal Hot Springs Mountain, just across the historic Warner Ranch to the east.

Palomar is home for the famous 200-inch telescope which has probed the far corners of space at Palomar Observatory since the late 1930s. There is a small but informative museum at the observatory which is open for public visits on a daily basis.

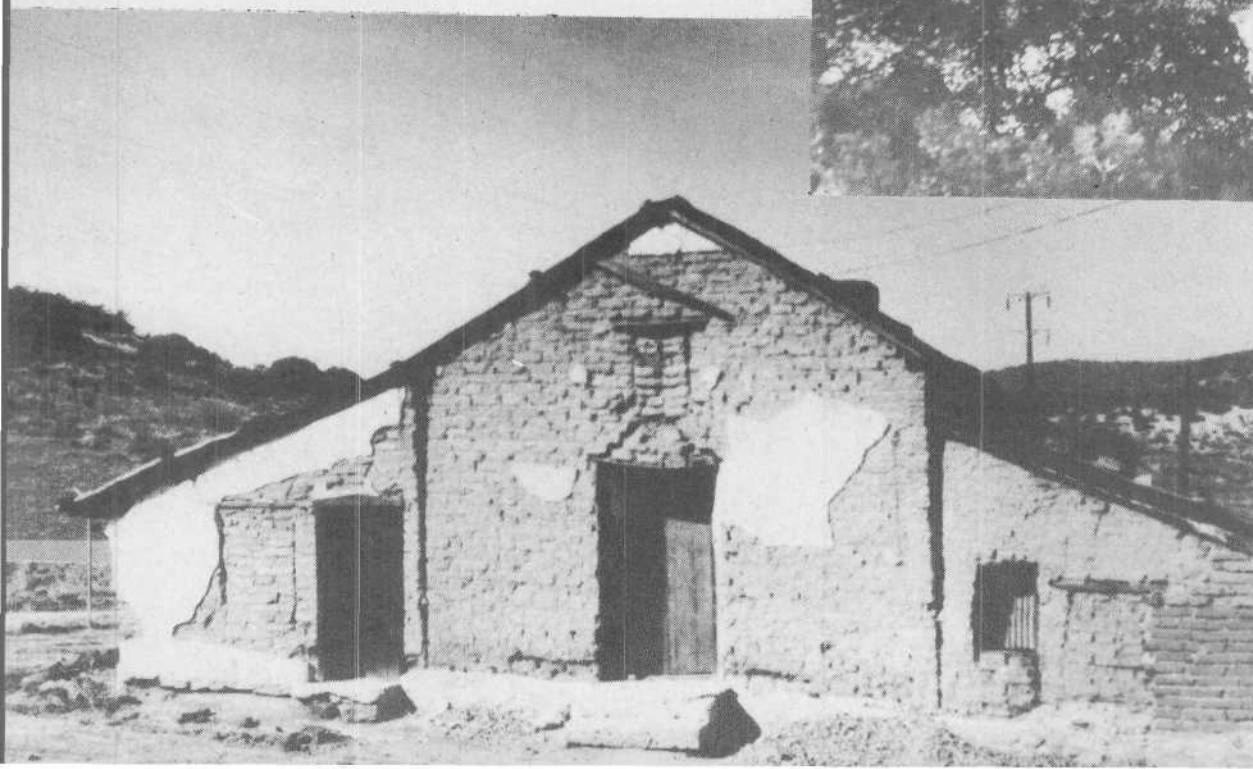
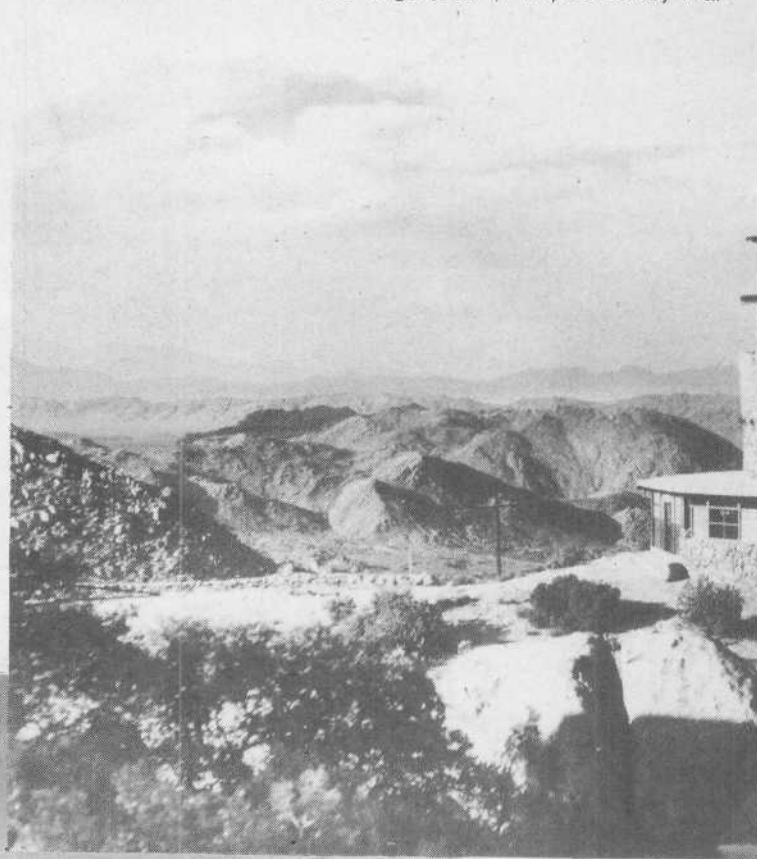
A Forest Service campgrounds is located two miles from the observatory and Palomar Mountain State Park is just seven miles to the southwest.

Members of the Los Coyotes Indian

Reservation have opened their beautiful oak meadows to public camping the year-round, with day and overnight fees, a system of trails and jeep roads. The campgrounds are seven miles southeast of the now-closed Warner Hot Springs on a paved and graded dirt road. Access from State Highway 79, 22 miles northwest of Julian, is well-marked adjoining the Warner golf course.

Another four miles south along 79 and east on County S2 is the historic Warner Ranch headquarters, one of the few remaining stations along the 1858-1861 Butterfield Stage route from San Francisco to Tipton, Missouri.

The huge (nearly 100,000 acres) War-



Warner's ranchhouse, dating to about 1835, was also a Butterfield stage station from 1858 to 1861. Building has been partially restored and fenced for protection.

Indian Flats campground near Warner Hot Springs is on the site of an old Cupeno Indian village, with many bedrock mortars under the oaks. This is a Forest Service camp seven miles from State Highway 79 west of Warner's.



Built 40 years ago by the late Bert Vaughn of Jacumba, this picturesque watchtower overlooks the Inkopah Mountains and historic Mountain Springs Grade in southeastern San Diego County.

way 79 from Beaumont, at Interstate 10, south through San Jacinto and Hemet to Warner and Julian. Another is along State Route 71 through Lake Elsinore, the future routing for I-15, by way of historic Temecula and easterly through Rancho California along SR 79.

San Diegans can reach the inland region via either SR 67 through Ramona and a junction with SR 78 there, then east to Julian, or by way of Pine Valley and the Laguna Mountains on Interstate 8 and County S1.

SR 79, the only north-south state highway through the region, hits I-8 at Descanso, offering another approach for San Diegans by way of Descanso and Rancho Cuyamaca.

Whatever route you choose, you'll find mountain country with its green coolness within an hour's easy drive of San Diego, and only two hours from Los Angeles and Orange County.

In this summer of anticipated fuel shortages for those long-distance vacation trips, the handy back country of San Diego offers a pleasant substitute for first-time visitors. Many others, who have been there before, have planned to hit Julian, Laguna, Palomar, Cuyamaca or Warner Ranch as their primary objectives all the time. A happy encounter of the summer kind is ahead for all of you.

ner Ranch is now owned by the Vista Irrigation District to protect water rights for the San Diego suburban community between Oceanside and Escondido. It remains a working cattle ranch under lease but the 75-year-old Warner resort built on the site of the Cupa Indian Village, closed earlier this year, at least temporarily.

Lake Henshaw resort, also an integral part of the old ranch, is still operating as a fishing haven, with groceries and a recreational vehicle park adjacent. Just downstream from the big lake is a public-use campground maintained by the La Jolla Indian Reservation with

stream trout fishing.

Access to the San Diego County backcountry is as varied and interesting as the region itself.

For visitors coming from Los Angeles and Orange County the primary access routes are Interstate 5 to Oceanside and east over State Route 76; or Interstate 15 to the same state highway near the interesting Indian Village of Pala and upstream along the San Luis Rey River to Lake Henshaw and the Warner country.

Inland Empire residents, around the Riverside-San Bernardino-Pomona area, have several alternate choices, the most scenic but circuitous being State High-



An aerial view of Canyon County.

West of Beyond

by C. J. BURKHART

*Picturesque
area near
Calf Creek
Campground.*



WEST, BEYOND the horizon, great plateaus, craggy escarpments, profound canyons and lofty mountains combine to create a land of striking, desolate beauty.

West, beyond picturesque Lake Powell, one of America's largest unsurveyed wilderness areas beckons the adventurous. Colorful terraces, precipitous cliffs, tall buttes and sinuous gorges blend into a vast panorama of superbly sculptured landscape.

Situated in the heart of the great Colorado Plateau, canyon country possesses a surface that is relatively flat. Broad vistas are characteristic of this rim rock territory.

At a distance the dramatic erosion of the sandstone may not be evident, but an approach from any direction will bring travelers to the abrupt edge of a water-worn precipice. The giant staircase effect, created by patient sculpturing throughout millions of years, is one of the country's most outstanding features.

Comprised of wide terraces, separated by a facade of patina-streaked cliffs, these huge steps dominate a deeply chiseled landscape. Water, wind and time have worked ceaselessly to form mesas, pinnacles, pilasters, minarets and buttes in an infinite variety of sizes and shapes.

Sheer escarpments of the Paunsagunt and Aquarius Plateaus, of which Bryce Canyon occupies a segment, form the western barrier of this symphony in sandstone.

Vari-colored bluffs of the Paria Plateau fashion the southern boundary while the northern limits reach the base of the Book Cliffs that constitute the lower ramparts of the Tavaputs Plateau.

This rugged land is encircled by hard-surface roads that offer tourists only a tempting glimpse of raw beauty. But to thoroughly appreciate and enjoy its remote grandeur it is necessary to explore the back country, traveling unimproved and sometimes hairy roads that wander among the canyons and cliffs.

Many of these roads are passable in good weather in conventional cars while others must be negotiated by four-wheel-drive vehicles. Horseback riding is a third and the most venturesome method used to explore the trackless slick-rock.

Escalante, Utah, a quiet, restful village with no traffic lights, no parking meters, no smog, no time schedules and no boredom is snuggled deep within this rugged landscape.

Fortunately, Escalante is located 30 miles from the nearest town (Boulder) and 75 miles from any large city. The horse population outnumbers the resi-

dents. At 6,000 feet elevation, the air is clean and clear with warm summer days and crisp nights.

Within a 100-mile radius a varied topography offers visitors a potpourri of outstanding scenic areas. By using Escalante as a base, many circle trips may be taken with length and type of terrain to be visited tailored to fit the individual's wants.

Escalante is proud of its tourist facilities. Modern, comfortable motels, pleasant, friendly restaurants, service stations, fully-equipped trailer courts, general stores and specialty shops fulfill the visitor's every need.

A circle trip on Hell's Backbone Road is a favorite one-day excursion suitable for passenger cars (except in bad weather). At the east end of town the road passes the school and follows Pine Creek for a few miles before climbing into Boulder Mountain's tall-timber country.

Fourteen miles from Escalante the jewel-like waters of Posey Lake invite the traveler to rest. Numerous picnic and camping sites and fighting trout entice the visitor to stay longer and enjoy the quiet solitude.

Breathtaking Hell's Backbone Bridge is reached after leaving Posey Lake and negotiating a twisting 12-mile climb. The bridge spans a narrow gap between two

profound canyons.

After leaving Hell's Backbone, the road circles southward and follows the eastern edge of a deep forbidding canyon named Death Hollow.

At Boulder, the road meets State Route 54. A section of road south of Boulder named "The Hogback" clings to a very slender ridge protruding between two yawning chasms. It boasts of being the only road in the country with thousand-foot-deep gutters.

After dropping off the ridge through a series of switchbacks, the road enters Calf Creek Canyon. Situated beside the rushing creek a pleasant campground and picnic area, with comfort stations, grills, tables and water offers a quiet respite.

In addition to Calf Creek Campground, other improved locations include Lonesome Beaver and McMillan Springs found high in the Henry Mountains. Posey Lake contains all facilities for campers and trailers as well as boat rentals. Blue Spruce Campground, 21 miles north of Escalante, has all facilities except those for trailers. Within the area numerous unimproved camping spots lure the solitude-seeker.

Highway 54, continuing in a southwest

direction, snakes between high, red cliffs, crosses the Escalante River 14 miles east of town and climbs to Boynton Lookout. Here, colorful and spectacular views of the Escalante River and Calf Creek Canyon fascinate the visitor.

The remaining 14 miles to Escalante provide, in addition to more remarkable scenery, many locations where Moqui Indian pictographs and petroglyphs are visible. These well-preserved writings were scratched or painted on the rocks 600 years before Columbus "discovered" America.

For the more courageous and hardy, a horseback trip from Boulder to Escalante through the forbidding beauty of Death Hollow Canyon may be arranged. This trip is extremely strenuous, at times dangerous and for most not advisable.

Less strenuous trail trips travel through both upper and lower Escalante Canyons, to Broken Bow Arch and up the steep-sloped Kaiparowits Plateau (Fifty Mile Mountain).

Numerous area guides arrange tours that take visitors in four-wheel-drive vehicles deep into the slick-rock wilderness. One of the most spectacular, varied and interesting is a trip to the Circle Cliffs area.

*Right:
Gnarled tree
and sandstone
cliffs. Below:
At times
the driving
becomes quite
challenging.*



From Escalante Route 54 is followed to Boulder where a narrow, dirt road leads to Deer Creek, which must be forded, and then into the depths of Long Canyon.

At the head of Long Canyon, near the entrance to the Circle Cliffs (48 miles from Escalante), a scene of outstanding colors greets the explorer. An area called Velvet Hills provides the spectacle. From afar, the hills appear as soft, luminous velvet, but close examination discloses they are composed of a large, granular material that is most difficult to walk upon.

Nearby, an area filled with sections of petrified wood provides visitors with an added chance for exploration. A short hike reveals pieces ranging in size from small chips to huge trunks four feet in diameter.

Near the base of Boulder Mountain, 60 miles from Escalante, a large elliptical depression is ringed by an impressive palisade. This colorful, intricately-carved section named Circle Cliffs is a favorite of photographers as well as prospectors and rockhounds.

To the east, a tall monoclinical ridge bisects the land. Named Waterpocket Fold, it presents a continuous, nearly im-





pregnable parapet that runs 80 miles from the Colorado River northwestward to Capitol Reef National Monument.

The only road that challenges this barrier is the Burr Trail. Winding switchbacks lead down a narrow, steep niche in the Fold's jagged face. At its base, the Trail joins a road that parallels the Waterpocket Fold and terminates at Capitol Reef National Monument.

South of Capitol Reef, the road wanders through cool, high-mountain country of the Aquarius Plateau. Cold, clear mountain lakes teem with hard-fighting trout. Its forests of pungent pine and white-barked aspen and grassy meadows cut by tumbling streams, deer, beaver, bear, marmots, porcupine and wild turkeys roam undisturbed.

A tingling drop down Boulder Mountain's precipitous south flank and a pleasant drive through Pine Creek completes the circle.

Because of the area's inexhaustible supply of superb scenery, numerous vivid and spectacular trips may be planned. The 47-mile jaunt to Kodachrome Flats and vaulting Grosvenor Arch on the Cottonwood Canyon Road is well worth every jolt and bump. If mountain scenery is preferred, the 21-mile trip

to the North Creek Semi-Wilderness Area offers unequalled mountain splendor.

Another intriguing trip leads south-eastward ending at the Hole-in-the-Rock on the shores of fabulous Lake Powell. This 125-mile round trip is filled with a multitude of scenic attractions.

At road's end, travelers view historic Hole-in-the-Rock where pioneers lowered wagons down an unbelievably steep cleft in the walls of Glen Canyon. Here, also, the energetic hiker may scramble down to Lake Powell for a refreshing swim. The climb back is much more strenuous.

Although the area is almost denuded of soil, except in a few small canyons, the lack of vegetation only adds to its barren beauty. Places such as Little Red Valley, Harris Wash, Giant Earth Cracks, Chimney and Dancehall Rocks, Coyote Gulch and Broken Bow Arch make this one of the region's most rewarding journeys.

Canyon country is a big rugged, wild land. Wherever an adventurous wanderer may travel, he will be inspired and awed by magnificent vistas.

West of Beyond; just around the next bend in the trail. □



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KACHINAS of THE Hopi

by ANNIS CUPPETT

IN THREE of the mesas which tower over the sizzling desert floor of Northeastern Arizona, the proud and independent Hopi live much as their ancestors did more than 2,000 years ago. Here, in the area appropriately known as Three Mesas, the winds blow cold through the scrub-oak and the essential water needed for the survival of man, beast and crops is scarce — yet their people continue, secure in the age-old traditions which continue to guide them even as the 21st century approaches.

Of major importance to the spiritual consciousness of these men and women is a steadfast belief in Kachinas — supernatural beings who live, for the most part, in the San Francisco Peaks on the western horizon of Three Mesas. A surprise to many is the fact that Kachinas are not actually worshipped—although they are loved, revered and, sometimes, feared by the Hopi: emotions which are no different than those found in human relationships.

“... And the children who were separated from their people during the earliest migrations were adopted by eagles and taken to live in the highest reaches of the mountains. With the passage of time, their spirits became one with those of the birds which cared for them. Thus was born the Eagle Kachina — a being to be revered as a link between the Worlds.”

The Hopi people have no written language, making it imperative for Kachina mythology to be handed down from generation to generation in oral story form. Perhaps this account of the Eagle Kachina's birth was once a fireside tale told

by a village storyteller who, in his own childhood, heard it at an elder's knee. In spite of the adeptness of these bearers of oral history, however, a visual method was needed to teach the children of each generation to recognize easily their many Kachinas — usually estimated at more than 250. It is essentially for this reason that Kachinas now are portrayed in one of two ways: as masked human dancers or as dolls.

Kachina Dances and Dancers

Kachina dances are memorable for their vibrant color, rhythmic motion and harmonious blend of drum and hand-rattle. As it is forbidden for women to participate in the actual dancing, male and female roles, alike, are performed by the masked men of the clan. Scheduled from the winter solstice through July, the individual dances are enacted for growth, rain, fertility and/or a good crop harvest. This joyful season culminates in the month of July with Niman or Home Dance — a celebration to commemorate the leave-taking of the spirits as they prepare to return to their homes in the pinnacles of the San Francisco Peaks.

Main Kachina Groups

1. A representative of the *Chief Kachina* group is the first Kachina to appear each year as part of the winter solstice rites. Chief Kachinas appear only as single dancers — never in groups — and only at specified times. Their masks are simple and permanent and the right of human dancers to wear them is a hereditary one. The group numbers about 30 although many of these are seldom, if ever, seen.

Corn Dancer [left] and Great-Horned Owl kachinas are well-known participants in the Hopi Mixed Kachina Dance.





2. *Clowns* add merriment to the serious festivities of the season. The best-known representatives of this group are the *Kuyemse* or *Mudhead Clowns* — so named because their heads and bodies are completely covered with mud.

3. *Runners* run races with Hopi men during various celebrations. If the man wins, he is often given a gift but if he loses, his body may be plastered with mud. Even into old age, Hopi men take pride in their physical prowess and for this reason, the races have special significance for each male participating in the yearly festivities.

The remaining *Kachinas*, of which there are literally hundreds, may be seen in the *Powamu Ceremony* and in the *Mixed Kachina Dances* of spring and early summer. While some *Kachinas* will appear singly or in pairs during these occasions, others will accompany groups of up to 30 in one-day ceremonies. These latter dances seldom have fixed dates and may occur anytime during the season.

Kachina Dolls

In the homes of the Hopi, the dolls are used as toys and as enjoyable learning tools and are given to all the children at a yearly *Kachina* ceremony. At the end of the celebration, each child takes his treasured doll to his home and allows it to be tacked to the wall or hung from the rafters where it may be seen easily and often.

Kachina dolls are most often patterned after animals (Wolf, Bear or Fox), birds (Rooster, Eagle, Red-tailed Hawk) or even emotions (Angry *Kachina*) and will be carved, painted and dressed in symbolic ways to immediately identify the particular *Kachina* each is meant to represent. Over the years, as collectors have discovered the unstudied beauty of these remarkable works of Native American folk art, the dolls have grown more elaborate — thus commanding ever-increasing prices commensurate with the amount of detail involved. The single feather or tiny bit of fur that once would have been used to signify the nature of the *Kachina* now often gives way to a complete headdress of feathers or a full mask of rabbit fur. The demand for "action" *Kachinas* is flourishing, as well, and dolls of this type may be recognized easily by the dance-like gestures of the upraised arms and bent legs.

How a Kachina Doll Is Made

The intricate process of making a Kachina doll begins with the necessary and sometimes back-breaking chore of locating a workable piece of cottonwood root. In the dry washes and on the banks of the river beds near his home, the carver will search for dried roots that measure approximately four inches in diameter. After collecting the wood, he will return home and gather his tools which seldom consist of more than a penknife, chisel, wood rasp and a piece of sandstone.

The first step of carving the doll is approached in the initial "roughing out," after which the shape will be whittled into more detailed and recognizable contours. The wood rasp is used for rough sanding and the final step of the procedure is considered complete only after the sandstone has been run lightly over the figure, leaving the wood feeling smooth and silky to the touch. Depending on which figure the carver has in mind, a nose, snout, eyes, horns, ears, or ornately-carved *tableta* will be required and these, too, must be whittled of cottonwood. The traditional artist will seldom use glue to affix these often minute features; more often choosing to use hand-carved dowels of infinitesimal measurements.

When the basic accessories, including rattles, spears, bows, etc., have been attached securely to the carving, it is

time to paint the figure. Before proceeding with the outer color, however, the doll will be covered with a thin glaze of kaolin (a fine white clay) which serves as a protective undercoat. And, finally, when this initial coating has dried, appropriate colors will be added in patterns typical of the particular Kachina. (Not too many years ago, only natural vegetable dyes were used but with the advent of easily-obtainable poster paints, the modern craftsman is more apt to use this brilliant and longer-lasting category of paint substances.)

An Ancient Tale of Sorrow

One of the most fascinating — and important — stories in Hopi Kachina lore centers around Snow Kachinas, who may sometimes be seen in the Powamu and Water Serpent Ceremonies as well as in the Mixed Kachina Dance. The tale describes the murder of a group of these beloved Kachinas and is of paramount interest to anyone desiring a deeper understanding of Kachina mythology.

As it is told, the actual happenings took place many years ago during the early days of the settlement of Three Mesas. At that time, all but a few villages were knowledgeable of the mighty power controlled by the spiritual beings called Kachinas. Unfortunately, responsibility for the following melancholy story lies with a certain number of the naive minority.

"... A group of Snow Kachinas

were traveling through the countryside when they came upon a garden in which the corn was short and stubby. Realizing that rain was desperately needed, the Kachinas, taking pity on the townspeople, proceeded to the center of the hamlet and began to dance. Because it was the middle of the night, the Kachinas thoughtfully refrained from singing — but their leg-rattles betrayed them and awakened every person in the village. When the people peered out from their houses and saw these strange beings in their midst, they were afraid — and they took up their weapons.

Realizing the immediate danger facing them, the Snow Kachinas fled, with the men of the town in hot pursuit. The Kachinas ran across the mesa until they came to the edge, but realized there was nowhere to hide. Turning, they quickly ran in a different direction and found a deep, narrow crevice in which they hoped to find safety. Tumbling in, one on top of another, they hid, hoping they would not be discovered. But they were found and, after being pelted with arrows and flaming torches, everyone in the group was soon dead. Everyone, that is, but the Counselor of the group, who had been sheltered at the bottom of the pile of bodies.

All Kachina dolls are from the collections of Frances Walter and Mr. & Mrs. Clair Cuppett.

Photographs by Philip Acton.



Left: Wolf Kachinas, while differing in size and detail, share certain important characteristics. Note the elongated muzzle, the fangs and the pattern of white dots on the black forearms and lower legs. Right: Two, very different Wolf Kachinas flank the multi-feathered Great-Horned Owl Kachina.

He remained hidden until the sun was high in the east and then extricated himself from the jumbled hill of dead and dying Kachinas to begin the long return journey to his home in Black Mountain. As he walked, he sang a song of mourning and it was this sad, despairing chant that his people heard as he approached.

In answer to the many questions thrown at him by the Kachinas who had stayed at home, he explained the events that had led to the terrible deaths of the Snow Kachinas. After listening to his story, an immediate assembly of all Kachinas in the area was called. Smoking together, the Kachinas decided to command the clouds to do their bidding and with the power of the Mixed Kachina Dance, this was soon accomplished. It was not long before storm clouds hovered directly over the town in which the murderous people lived.

Back in the village, the people watched apprehensively as the great clouds gathered above them. Looking far to the horizons on every side, they were able to see that the clouds were centered only over their own homes: everywhere else, the sky was clear and the sun shone. They began to be afraid; not knowing what was happening.

Soon, lightning lit up the sky and thunder rolled across the land. Great balls of hail fell and the town was flooded. The crops were ruined beyond hope and many of the people were drowned. And at Black Mountain, the Mixed Kachina Dance continued."

The age-old story continues,

"It was only after all the homes had been demolished and the crops ruined that the rain stopped. The sun came out and the survivors, too, came out of hiding. Seeing the great destruction that was all around them, they understood that the spirits were angry — and began to realize that the dancers they had so brutally murdered were not mere mortals. Agreeing among themselves that they had, indeed, killed Kachinas, they promised the spirits that in the future, such beings would be welcomed with fearless love. But such promises came too late and in spite of them, shame enveloped the town. The villagers began to disperse to other regions and soon the town was abandoned until one day, nothing remained but ruins. But the rubble gained fame and, among the Hopi, became known as a sacred place. And today, a pile of stones is all that remains to remind travelers of the immense power held by Kachina spirits." □



A very detailed Wolf Kachina. Imitation turquoise jewelry and an embroidered kilt provide more elaborate touches than are usually seen on these dolls.



Kuyemse [Mudhead Clowns] add a light note to the serious tone of most Kachina dances. These dolls are usually painted in a red-ochre shade to simulate the mud which covers their bodies.



THE LOST BULL

*George Wilhelm
spends time with
one of his sons.*

by C. LEROY WILHELM



IT WAS in the fall of '98 that Al came to the ranch. He was a stranger in these parts, but the Wilhelm brothers, a pair of reformed sheep men turned to cattle ranching, had the latchstring out for all who came their way.

Al stated that he was looking for work — an arrangement where he might take as part of his pay, living expenses for himself and his animals, with the balance, of course, in cash. This was agreeable to the Wilhelms, so Al stayed on for the winter.

Al was a good ranch hand, but was hard to get acquainted with. Everything about him was his own well-guarded secret; so as far as the Wilhelm's knew, he was just "Al," for not once during the entire winter did he mention another name nor did the brothers ask him.

At the first signs of spring Al became restless, and it wasn't long before he got his pack outfit together and bade the Wilhelms good-bye. As they watched him disappear over the east ridge, they were in agreement that he was just a drifter with a dark spot in his past. Like a stray dog, after you had fed him he would leave and you would never see him again.

As the summer season of '99 was drawing to a close, events were to prove that the Wilhelms' snap judgment of Al had been a little premature. As the first hint of winter was blowing down out of the high country, a lone rider on a big bay horse, leading a pair of pack mules, checked in once more at the ranch. Al was accepted on the terms of the previous year, and again he settled in for the winter.

This year was a carbon copy of the last except that the brothers would, on occasion, make some small effort to find out something more about Al, but all to no avail. Once again with the coming of

*Haight Wilhelm
on a favorite corner
of the ranch.*

HIDE

spring, Al was off, taking his mystery with him.

As an added evidence that history does repeat itself, Al was back at the first sign of winter. This time the Wilhelms, having disposed of much of their stock, did not really need an extra hand. However, since they had formed quite a friendship with Al, they told him that he was welcome to stay and share what work there was, but his only pay would be the keep for himself and his animals. This seemed quite a blow to Al, but with the first snows of an early winter already on them, he had no choice.

At first he was his old mysterious self, but in midwinter he came out of his shell. He was willing, even anxious, to talk about himself, his past and his possible future.

He stated that his name was Al Gilman, and he told the most amazing story that the brothers had ever heard. He said that a few years prior an Indian had appeared in a barroom in El Paso, and while sitting at the bar in an almost drunken stupor, he kept up a continual mumbling.

The barkeeper, in his slack periods, began stopping by to see if he could pick up anything of what the Indian was saying. To his amazement the Indian was repeating over and over something about an old buckskin map and a buffalo hide full of gold.

Intrigued by this unusual character, the barkeeper decided to keep him around until he could get the full story of what he was talking about. After many days, during which he fed the Indian a delicate balance of food and whiskey, the barkeeper pieced together a most unusual story.

During the conquest of Mexico, the Indian had said, the news came north of that brutal campaign and of the many

atrocities being committed by the Spaniards in their plundering for gold. Knowing that the same thing would happen to them, all the Indians in this northern part sealed off their mines, obliterated their placer workings, and pooled their gold.

Taking the gold to the highest mountain in this northern wilderness, they laced it up in a bull buffalo's hide, buried it on the north side near the top, and recorded the details of the cache on a buckskin map.

According to his account, the Indian was descended from a line of chiefs who, in the beginning, had organized the hiding of the treasure. Through the many years, they had preserved the map and kept the tradition alive. Now, they felt that the time had come to locate and retrieve their gold. Having worked in the mines with white men, where he gained a working knowledge of English, this Indian had been chosen to take the map and locate the treasure.

Now having fallen into the evil ways of



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the paleface, he had squandered his "search" money on whiskey, and with it, his chance of finding the gold. He did not dare return to his people, and the only thing he had left was the old buckskin map.

At this point the scheming barkeep cut the whiskey off, and his Indian friend soon developed a bad case of the D.T.s. In this condition the Indian was desperate, and a deal was made that for a two-gallon keg of whiskey, he would trade the map and explain the markings on it. As a further concession, he would take his keg and leave El Paso and not return.

The barkeeper, not being the outdoor type, must wait for someone who was who could be trusted. When the barkeeper became acquainted with Al Gilman, he seemed to be the right man. So they made a deal. Gilman would take the map and make the search; then, if and when the bull hide was found, they would split it down the middle.

According to Al, not long after their arrangement was made, the barkeeper was killed in a poker game leaving Al as the sole owner of the map and the legend.

Al had spent considerable time checking out all the mountains in the area and had settled on the second highest in the Mount Thomas Range. True, it was not the highest, but it was almost, and it was the only one that fit the map with its many signs and keys. As the mountain was just one day's ride away, the ranch had been a convenient place for Al to spend his winters.

Not being able to earn a grubstake during this winter, Al wanted to take the Wilhelms in for a share if they would finance him while he finished his digging. Well, the Wilhelm brothers were a suspicious pair and they, though very interested, wanted to look before they leaped.

The balance of the winter was spent pouring over the old map and rehashing the story. The map was a curious piece of work with many symbols and signs all in Indian picture writing which, when explained, became quite clear.

When the time arrived, it was decided that the older brother, Haight, would go with Al to inspect the mountain and the "diggin's," while George would remain to tend the ranch.

When they reached the mountain,

Haight found everything as represented on the map. There was the great grooved rock which, for want of a better name, Al had called the "washboard." There were also the six strange trees supposedly imported from the mountains of Mexico to serve, along with the great grooved rock, as a witness that this was the right mountain. There were the hundreds of old scar-blazed trees ingeniously arranged so that regardless of the direction from which you approached the treasure sight, you could home in by following the blazes. At the focal point of all these signs, the ancient wood carving of a buffalo's head was placed to mark the cache.

To say that Haight was amazed would be an understatement, though this is not to say that there weren't a few flies in the ointment. Gilman had driven his drift 80 feet into the solid rock. Haight did not feel it had been possible for a primitive people to do this, to say nothing of putting the rock back in such a manner that it appeared to be undisturbed. Furthermore, at the diggin's Al was not the "above average nice guy" that he had been at the ranch. It was Haight's feeling that being near the treasure site, gold fever was getting to him.

Another thing that worried Haight was that Al was very nervous and was always peering intently into the woods. For the two nights that they spent on the mountain, Al chose not to sleep in his established camp, but took his blankets and disappeared into the darkness of the forest.

Wilhelm left the mountain convinced that there was indeed a fabulous treasure buried there. Perhaps Al had not understood one of the keys shown on the map, and, therefore, was digging in the wrong place. Because of Al's peculiar behavior, Haight felt that it would be best for the Wilhelms not to get involved any more than they already were.

Back at the ranch when the brothers told him that the answer was no, Al was understandably disappointed. He gathered his outfit, said good-bye, and rode over the ridge for the last time.

The Wilhelms never saw Al Gilman again, but they did hear of him. He was written up in the local news several times. It seems that he had in his possession a fabulous bay horse, and he made quite a stir over the territory by winning several matched horse races.



Abandoned trapper's cabin along the Gillman Trail.

The last time Al made the headlines, just one year from the time he left the ranch, it was stated in the news that "Bullhide" Al Gilman had, with his famous horse, been accidentally drowned in an attempt to swim the flooding Salt River.

The brothers were saddened by the untimely passing of their friend. Naturally, they wondered about the lost bull hide. If Al had leveled with them, then perhaps they alone had knowledge of the treasure. If so, sometime they would do something about it.

It seems that the brothers were alone in their knowledge of the legend, for even today some of the old timers still refer to him as "Bullhide Al"; but no one has ever seemed to know why he was called that.

The Wilhelm brothers were cattlemen, not treasure hunters. Although they always intended to do something about the treasure, they never did. In fact, George never visited the diggin's and it was 28 years later that an aging Haight Wilhelm led a group of the second generation to visit the site. From this time on the legend belonged to the whole family. However, the second generation did no more about it than their fathers had.

Now, most of the descendants subscribe to the theory that Old Al had found the gold, was taking it out with him, and that the drowning story was his clever ruse to close the book on this chapter of his life. Perhaps, and perhaps not.

Al, the map, and the brothers are gone. The mountain and the legend remain, however; and most of the signs that were shown on the map are there,

Note: The site of this legendary cache is located on the Apache Indian Reservation. Anyone wishing to take a look for themselves should get permission from the Apache Tribal Council in Whiteriver, Arizona. All activity on the reservation is regulated by the very efficient Apache Police.

together with the caved-in remains of the diggin's.

With this writing, the legend is no longer a secret possession of the Wilhelms. It passes now to all who love a mystery and the lure of buried treasure. Who knows — sometime, someone just might find buried among those many markings, that fabulous bull hide filled with Aztec gold. □

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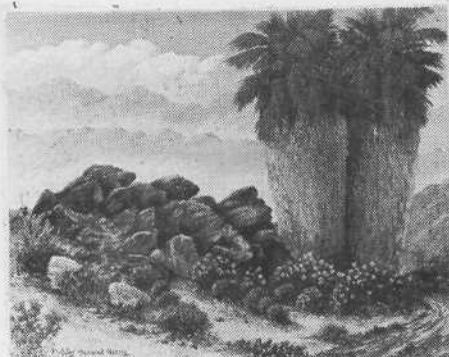
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CHACO: THE HUB OF



THE SOUTHWEST?

by L. C. HAYDEN



EXPECT THE UNEXPECTED when you visit Chaco Canyon National Monument. You'll be able to wander through the largest excavated prehistoric Indian Ruins in the Southwest. Yet by traveling a few hundred feet, you can step back into history and see an unexcavated ruin much the same way that our ancestors saw it when the ruins were first described in 1849.

You'll also have the opportunity to watch an archeologist at work and ask him questions. You can do all of these by wandering among the ruins by yourself or if you prefer, take one of the three daily tours scheduled through the different pueblos. And that's not all. You'll be able to experience what makes Chaco Canyon such a unique place.

Located in the northwestern section of New Mexico, Chaco Canyon, consisting of 21,500 acres, houses 2,500 surveyed sites. It can be reached from the north by turning on New Mexico 44 at Blanco Trading Post and following New Mexico 57 for 23 unpaved miles to the north entrance of the monument. The visitor center is seven miles beyond that.

If traveling from the south, turn north on New Mexico 57 from U.S. 66 at Thoreau and proceed 64 miles to the south entrance of the monument. The last 20 miles are unpaved.

Once there, begin at the visitor center where museum displays will help you understand Chaco Canyon and its early inhabitants. Also, National Park Service personnel there will answer questions and assist in making the most of your visit.

Your next step should include touring through the 12 pueblos which vary in size and interest. Pamphlets with corresponding number to a certain point-of-interest enhance your tour through most of these pueblos. If you plan to visit all 12 pueblos allow yourself plenty of time, as three of these pueblos, Pueblo Alto, Penasco Blanco and Tsin Kletzin require a back-country permit.

To realize more enjoyment of your visit, as you travel through these pueblos



visualize what life must have been like some thousands years ago. Begin by studying their architecture. At Pueblo Bonito note the symmetrical layout of the pueblo. It is "D"-shaped with the great kiva (ceremonial round structure) in its center or plaza. The walls, thicker at the bottom and thinner on the top, were built with plans to expand upwards. And upwards they did expand. Some structures are five stories high.

It is then evident that in their finest hour, the ancient Chacoans built elaborate villages showing outstanding advances in architecture. Yet, by walking a few thousand feet, you'll find yourself in Kin Kletso, another pueblo within the Chaco Canyon system. Compare the architecture. The stone and masonry style differ. Immediately you'll be able to tell that Pueblo Bonito was a pre-planned pueblo, while Kin Kletso appears to have been erected rather hurriedly.

The architectural style which separates these two pueblos is not the only difference. Various forms of pottery, turquoise, bone and stone material have been unearthed. This leads the archeologists to believe that at least two separate groups of people lived concurrently side-by-side. Because of a third different style and patterns found within some of the pueblos, some believe that a third group of people existed. They are known as the Bonito, Hassta Butte and the McElmo phases. If this is true, then Chaco Can-

yon can claim to be the only place in the Southwest which concurrently housed three distinctive separate groups of people.

When looking at the kivas, it is interesting to see how some of these kivas are geometrically and astronomically aligned. The largest of these kivas, Casa Rinconada (house without corners) is a perfect circle measuring 64 feet in diameter and 25 feet in depth. It's been excavated to the below-ground level floor but is lacking its roof.

When the Chacoans left, they discontinued building the great kivas. They did, however, continue to build the smaller or clan kivas. This, in itself, shows the decline of their culture.

As you wander through the ruins, compare the size of the rooms to the other pueblos. While they contain fairly small adjoining rooms, Chaco boasts rooms as large as 10 feet by 15 feet. Usually, there were two such rooms joined by two smaller rooms which were not connected to the other units. Why the Chacoans did this remains a mystery.

But perhaps one of the most intriguing aspects of Chaco is its 250-mile system of 30-foot-wide roads. Why these roads existed tease historians who try to put the Chaco puzzle together. A majority of these roads, radiating out from Pueblo Alto, lead to as far away places as the Aztec Ruins and maybe even Mesa

Verde. Whenever a road comes to a crest, it leads to an ancient stairway.

Since these are real roads and not pathways, the importance of Chaco Canyon National Monument is immediately assumed. Perhaps Chaco Canyon served as a great distribution center — for food, pottery, jewelry and even birds. Bird feathers have been found of birds which are native only to Mexico. Also, shell jewelry — not common to the desert — was found there. Another reason Chaco is believed to have served as a distribution center is because the pueblos are evenly distributed among these roads. Some historians believe that these pueblos served much the same purpose that our weighing stations now serve.

A third reason for these roads centers around the lack of wood in this area. Pollen studies done within the past two years show that no pine trees existed in this area as earlier believed. Instead, the logs had to be carried 12-70 miles; thus a possible use of the roads. But the question still haunts historians: why 30-foot wide roads? At that time, the Chacoans had no beasts of burden.

But in spite of this, they carried the timber to their villages, chopping it with stone axes. It has been estimated that some 100,000 trees were used in the entire canyon for roof construction alone during the 11th century. Some of these original roofs can still be seen by the



Pueblo Bonito [far left], one of the 12 main pueblos at Chaco Canyon, is the largest excavated prehistoric ruin in the Southwest. An intriguing aspect [right] of Chaco Canyon is realizing how much preplanning was required to build these pueblos. One such hint is found in the structure of the walls. Being thicker at the bottom and thinner at the top enabled the Chacoans to build up without worrying about the walls collapsing.

The Chacoans built their roofs [above] by laying down heavy cross beams, then placed lighter beams which were then covered by a mixture of clay and mud. A thousand years later, some of the original roofs are still standing.



visitor to Chaco Canyon.

In order to achieve the most out of your visit, plan on spending the night at Chaco Canyon at the campsite provided one mile away from the visitor center. Tables, barbeque grills, water and restrooms are provided. However, there is no firewood, food, gasoline, repair services or lodging within 60 miles of Chaco Canyon. If you are driving a passenger car, return to Farmington where several fine motels and restaurants await you.

If you do stay overnight, plan to attend the nightly campfire lecture where ancient architecture, pottery, astro-archeology and several other subjects are discussed. These lectures, lasting about an hour, usually begin about mid-May and continue until mid-September.

On the higher mesas, you'll be able to spot an occasional juniper. But mostly saltbush and greasewood can be found. In the deep arroyos, cottonwood, willow

and the locally exotic tamarisk (saltcedar) have been planted. Also, throughout the monument, grama grass, Indian ricegrass, rabbitbrush and sagebrush thrive.

Although the park is open all year around, the best time to visit is April through early November, as the winters can get cold. The day temperature reaches the low 40s while during the nights, it drops down to 0-10°. The hottest month is June and their rainy season is late July to mid-August. Since the park can only be reached by dirt roads, inquire locally when travelling in stormy weather.

As you become acquainted with the Chacoans, it will be evident to you that their departure brought on the climax to their culture. After they left, there were no great kivas built; there were no more pre-planning to their cities, no more roads constructed, no high degree of

masonry. There was also a decline in the pottery making.

What motivated the Chacoans to leave their great pueblos — why they built 30-foot wide roads instead of pathways — how they managed to move and set the stones and heavy roof logs — what was the main purpose that Chaco Canyon pueblos served — all of these questions plague the archeologists at they slowly continue to uncover the Chacoans' secrets.

As I sat in Pueblo Bonito (beautiful pueblo) slowly contemplating the sunset, a feeling of tranquility enveloped me. I felt nothing but admiration for the tireless workers who designed, built and lived in these pueblos.

As the timeless beauty of Chaco Canyon completely engulfed me, I shared a feeling with countless other Chaco Canyon visitors: its beauty had so captured me that I knew I'd return. □

Gold and Ghosts In Utah's Dixie

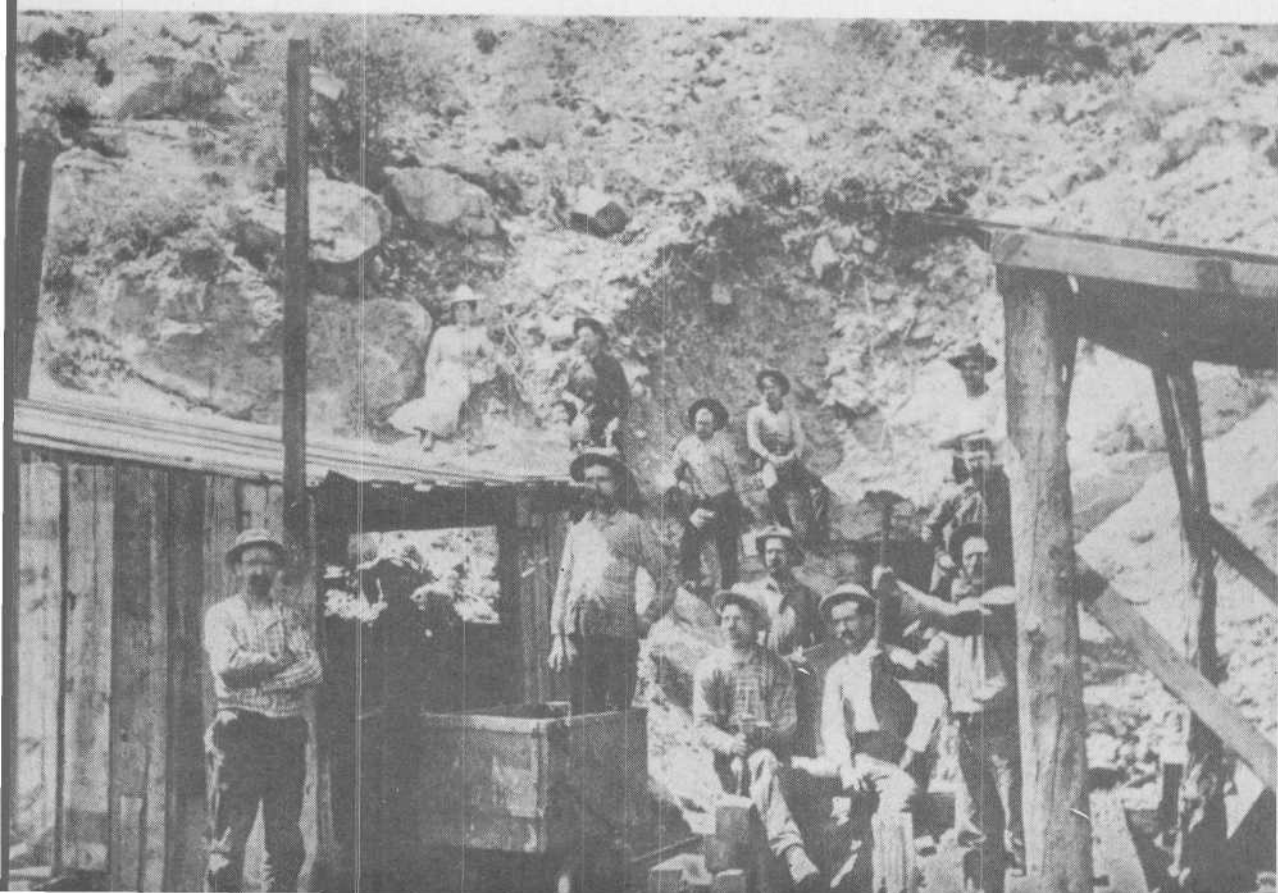
by GEORGE THOMPSON

TODAY ST. GEORGE is billed as the Palm Springs of Utah, but it wasn't always a tourist mecca and retirement center. A century ago, the Dixie of the Desert was a supply center for gold, silver and copper prospectors, and many of the old mines they located and mining camps they settled, although little remembered now, are still of interest to desert travelers.

Most modern-day ghost town explorers in Utah's Dixie know that Silver Reef was southern Utah's boom bonanza. Few, however, have heard of Conger, Shem or Goldstrike, or of the once famous Black Warrior, Grand Gulch or Copper Apex mines, to name only a few of the places where argonauts of yesteryear searched for fame and fortune.

During the 1870s, prospector "By"

Pace discovered a gigantic ledge of black galena lead ore in sandstone, away out in the West Mountains, not far from the present Arizona-Nevada border. Pace staked a claim and named it the Black Warrior, and was soon making substantial shipments of ore rich in both lead and silver, hauling it all the way to Salt Lake City. But 300 miles was too far to ship ore even as rich as that from the



Miners at the Copper Apex, back in the 1880s.

Black Warrior, so a smelter was built on the Santa Clara River between present-day Gunlock and Shivwits.

Pace's Black Warrior smelter was built near the "old Conger farm," so when a townsite began growing up around its workings, the new settlement was called Conger. Only a few old maps from before the turn of the century reveal Conger's location.

For some unknown reason, Pace's mine and smelter fell into receivership, and their operation was closed down. But Conger wasn't down and out yet, for only a few years later it would have a rebirth as Shem, smelter town for a newly-discovered mine named the Copper Apex.

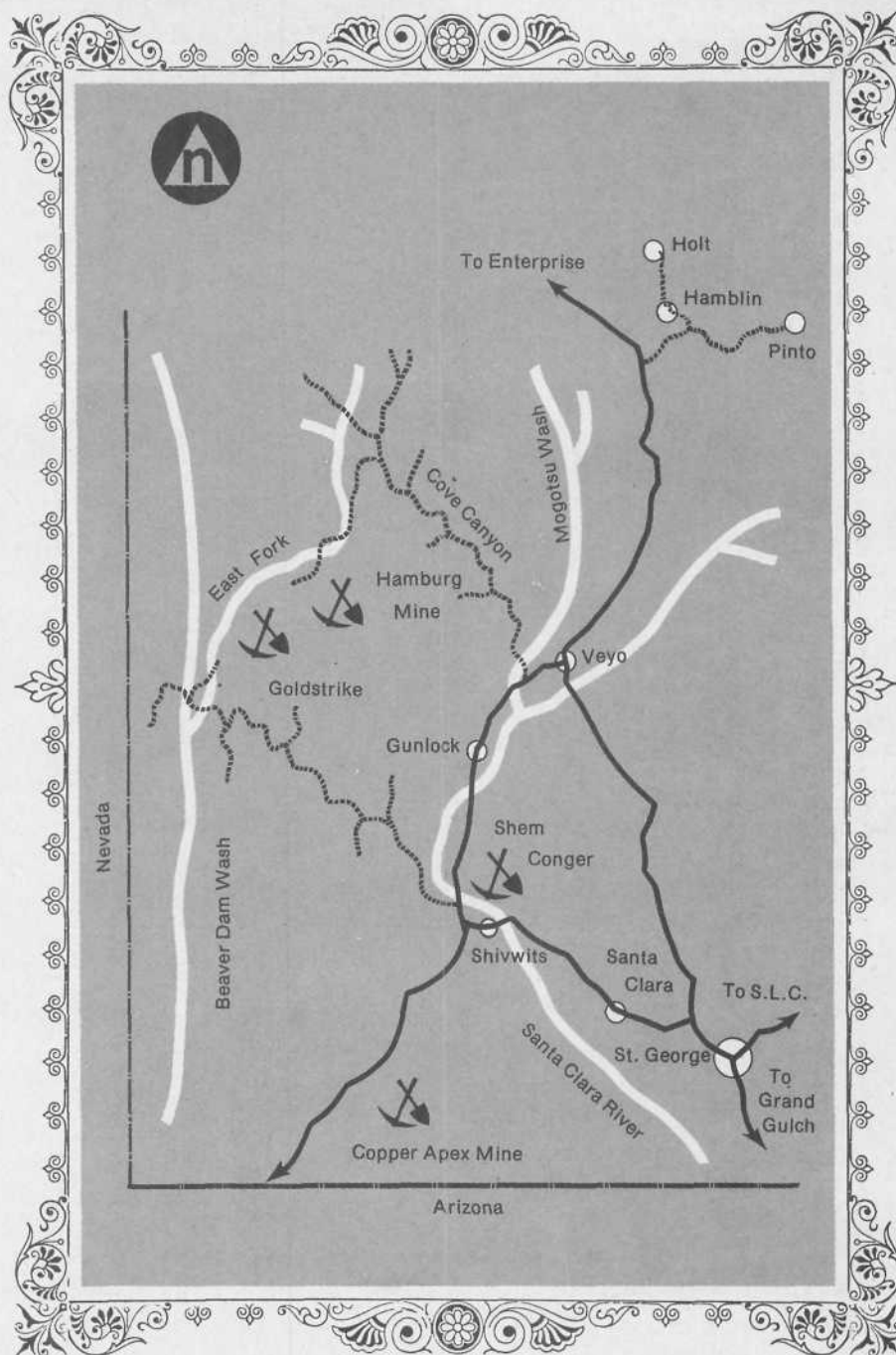
In 1884, Brigham Jarvis and Bill Webb were cutting wood in the West Mountains when they chanced upon an outcropping of almost pure native copper. Their find was first developed as a poor-boy, pick-and-shovel operation, but its ore was so rich that before long a large number of miners were being employed. In 1890, pioneer merchants Woolley, Lund & Judd of St. George acquired the Copper Apex Mine and organized the Utah & Eastern Mining Company.

The mining camp at the Copper Apex grew rapidly under its new owners, and many miners moved their families there. Soon a regular mining camp blossomed on the rocky slopes of the West Mountains. A large boarding house was built for bachelor miners while a company store furnished supplies for family men.

Ore from the Copper Apex was hauled by wagon to the Salt Lake, San Pedro & Los Angeles end of track at Milford, more than 100 miles away to the north, across the Escalante Desert. During the 1890s, eastern capitalists obtained an interest in the mine and built a large new smelter on the Santa Clara River, at almost the same place that Pace's smelter had been. Almost overnight a new town bloomed where Conger had been, but its new settlers called it Shem.

Not much is remembered about Shem today. It was a Mormon community so there probably weren't any saloons, still it was a busy place for awhile, and a place now long forgotten and overlooked. Metal detector-equipped coin and relic hunters might have a field day there!

If you don't have access to a real old map of Utah's Dixie, the site of Shem and Conger can be located by traveling



west from St. George on the now abandoned Highway 91 for 16 miles to where a side road turns right to Gunlock. The Gunlock road (paved) is just beyond several Indian cabins on the Shivwits Reservation, and just before Highway 91 leaves the level to climb a steep grade. The site of old Shem is reached about a mile and a half along the Gunlock road. The ruins of a water power dam still form a small pond on the Santa Clara River. If you're a rockhound, many large chunks of heavy black manganese-type ore can be found on the uphill side of the road near the pond.

The old Copper Apex Mine is located further west on Highway 91, nine miles

past the Gunlock turnoff, and high on the steep mountain front to the left (east side) of the highway. A dirt trail once a road leaves the highway near an abandoned service station, but it is near impassable now. If you decide to hike into that rugged range, remember to carry a full canteen and let someone know where you're going, for the desert doesn't tolerate any mistakes.

Not in Utah, but still a satellite of St. George, was the Grand Gulch mine and camp, located a long hard 90 miles to the south, across the state line in Mohave County, Arizona. The long dirt road to Grand Gulch sees few autos these days, used only by a few ranchers and occa-

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sional rockhounds. Flash floods often cut deep into it, so inquire locally before venturing into that wild never-never land.

The Grand Gulch and adjacent mines, most notable of which was the Savanac, shipped their ore to St. George, where Sam Adams had erected a smelter. The Grand Gulch was discovered by Adams during the early 1870s, its ore being some of the richest copper ever found, assaying up to 65 percent copper while carrying high values in both silver and uranium.

Ruins of a large reverberatory furnace, store, cabins and bunkhouse, as well as several almost melted away adobe buildings, still remain, but remember, they are private property. The mines at Grand Gulch added millions to St. George's economy. One old newspaper account reveals that Hinman & Company made one shipment of six tons of pure bullion! The Grand Gulch, Savanac and other mines there were in steady production until after World War I, and have

operated sporadically since then.

During the heyday of the Grand Gulch Camp, Jud Snyder traced the Grand Gulch vein southward to where he said it outcropped near the north rim of the Grand Canyon. For three years, Snyder worked at constructing a pack mule trail to his find, and during all that time he often brought sacks of rich ore into St. George. Pieces of that ore assayed as high as 85 percent copper. Snyder refused to tell anyone where his find was located, and long before he got his burro trail built anywhere near his mine, he died. Many have searched for Snyder's lost ledge, but not a trace of it has ever been found, although sections of the trail he cut and blasted through the rough canyon country still remain to be seen, the only clue to the Lost Snyder Mine.

Probably the least known or remembered of Dixie's mining camps was Gold-strike, located near the head of the 100-mile-long Beaver Dam Wash, in the Bull Valley Mountain area northwest of St. George. There are very few natives left

*Forgotten tombstones
are all that remain of
old Hamblin.*

who have ever heard of it, very few old maps reveal its location, and only the most meager reference is made to it in obscure mining journals. Unlike the other camps of Dixie which produced silver, lead or copper, Goldstrike was a gold camp.

Goldstrike is a mystery. No one recalls who first discovered gold ore in the Bull Valley Mountains, and both county and mining records are silent about its past. Its entire history seems to be told in a few brief lines in an old Utah Mining Association report which states, "Gold was found in the early days at Goldstrike, but its veins played out and the rush subsided." A pretty brief epitaph to record a camp's entire life story!

Time and the elements have been cruel to Goldstrike, and little remains to reveal its past. There are two ways to get to Goldstrike. One's impassable, and the other's impossible!

About one-half mile west of the Gunlock road, a narrow dirt track turns northward. A sign warns that you are entering the Shivwits Indian Reservation. If you don't get lost in a maze of criss-cross side roads, you should pass an old log stage station at 11 miles and drop down a steep dugway to the East Fork of Beaver Dam Wash at about 19 miles from Highway 91. A Jeep trail goes up the East Fork but soon loses itself in deep sand traps. But a hike of about three miles up-canyon should bring you to an old cabin and a log barn, while another two miles should bring you to several large tunnels on the left side of the canyon.

You might try your luck from Gunlock, leaving the pavement about five miles up-canyon from Gunlock and turning up Cove Canyon. A BLM sign points out the Goldstrike Road, but it offers no mileage to that mysterious place, nor does it give any clue how to get there! For the first few miles up Cove Canyon you should have no problem, unless the road's washed out, but after Maple Ridge is crossed, dirt roads go everywhere. But not counting detours, about 13 miles from the Gunlock road you should pass the "Pinnacles" and come into the head

of the East Fork of Beaver Dam Wash. A narrow dirt trail on the left (southwest) drops steeply down canyon for five miles, more or less, to end at an old house. A side road from there climbs very steeply to the old Hamburg Mine. All other workings are further down canyon, and can be reached only by shank's mare.

Besides the old house below the Hamburg Mine, there is little more than rubble stone foundations, twisted and rotted boards turned silver-gray from a half-century of winter storms and bits and pieces of purple glass to mark the places where other mine buildings and miners' cabins once stood. Some four or five miles down canyon is the old cabin and log barn already mentioned and in-between are the two strange old tunnels. At least I think they're strange, for they look as though they were dug by giants!

The tunnels are at least seven feet high and wide, dug straight into a vertical canyon wall right at water level of the intermittent East Fork Creek. There are no waste dumps, the mine tailings evidently having been dumped right into the creek and washed away. Covered with vines and moss, they are difficult to explore. But cool and inviting as they appear, they are still in the heart of desert country, and only a few feet outside their portals canyon temperatures range well over 100 degrees in the summer.

For the desert explorer who likes to rough it while panning for color, Goldstrike might be the place to prospect. A seldom seen National Park Service document, "Geological Atlas of Washington County," contains the following, "Gold has been produced in the Goldstrike District, where miners found high grade gold ore. An amalgamation stamp mill was built, creating the mining camp of Goldstrike. Exceptional specimens of free gold were found in fractured limestone. Other rich ores occurred in porphyry, but was so highly altered its high value wasn't always recognized."

With techniques and metal detectors unknown to the old-timers, and with gold worth \$250 an ounce instead of the \$16 it was during Goldstrike's heyday, a modern-day prospector might be well advised to take a closer look at that "highly altered" ore whose "high value wasn't always recognized."

And there are other lost mines in Dixie

Continued on Page 39

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Clark's Nutcracker, The Campers' Alarm Clock

by K. L. BOYNTON

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ANY CAMPER who has been snatched from slumber by a chorus of raucous squalls, crackles, whistles, guttural croaks all accompanied by vigorous tree trunk hammering, needs no introduction to Clark's Nutcracker.

Now here's a bird who's up and at it before the sun has its eye half open, and whose major aim in life, obviously, is to make things lively for his neighbors. Pestering the pine squirrels, worrying the red-tailed hawks, running the chipmunks are all in a day's fun. The sight of a slothful human being just lying there when it must be all of 5 a.m. is simply more than the bird can stand. He blasts loose with that khaakarrackharr call that can be heard a mile or more away, and it fetches his relatives winging in by the score. The resultant din gets results. The camper arises, for the birds have seen to it that his day has begun. And the birds,

now that he's begun to potter about his camp, take off with a whirr of wings, no doubt to see if they can't find an owl who, thinking it's safely hidden, has just gone to sleep after a big night.

Nutcrackers belong to the crow tribe, which accounts for their boisterous ways. And, they look something like crows. But, clad as they are in bold grey, black and white feathers, they also resemble woodpeckers. What with their long sharp bills and penchant for tree trunk pounding, they certainly act much like them. They also seem to think they are flycatchers, capturing moths in mid air with surprising speed and accuracy for such heavily built birds. Nor are they to be outdone by hawks when it comes to soaring in the clear mountain air and making those break-neck dives earthward to be checked only at the last moment with a sudden opening of wings.

Nutcrackers are, in short, strong, tough birds with a lifestyle of their own. It should come as no surprise then, to find Mrs. N. sitting on her nest high in a pine tree with a winter snowstorm pelting down on her. Believing in getting through with family raising chores early, these birds are among the first North American passerines (perching type birds i.e. robins, etc.) to nest each season — no small feat at 6,000- to 8,000-foot altitudes where they breed. They remain paired year after year, which saves mate-hunting time, and so by the last of February or early March domestic chores are well underway in spite of freezing temperatures and the snow still heavy on the ground.

It's cold, as biologist L.D. Mewaldt could testify, since he did a lot of tramping around in the snow and sat for hours in a well-ventilated blind with telescope,





camera and sound equipment trying to learn how these Nutcrackers get away with nesting so early.

In spite of foul weather, nest building proceeds apace with both birds lugging in material from perhaps as far as 600 yards away, one or the other arriving about every four minutes. The lady does much of the actual construction work, carefully adjusting and arranging each shipment. The nest has an outside dimension of from 11 to 13 inches by about six to seven inches high. The floor and outer walls are made of some 200 Douglas fir twigs eight to 12 inches long, the nest bowl is a roomy hollow some three inches deep and four inches in diameter. The architects, with an eye on their frigid mountain surroundings, insulate the nest heavily. There is a solid base of rotten wood pulp about one-half inch thick, while fine strips of inner bark and dried

grass make a soft lining. Between the pulp base and the grass lining is a layer of soil another half-inch thick carried in damp pellets.

A territory of around two acres in size is set up about the nest site and lookout perches are located in strategic trees where the male sits on guard during much of the daylight hours. Intruders are run off in swift wing pursuit, any stray gent Nutcracker reluctant to leave is attacked, a fight ensuing in which both birds squalling and fluttering, bills sometimes interlocked, fall to the ground. Serious trouble such as a crow with nest robbing on his mind, or a lurking hawk, is dealt with promptly by several householders rallied by the cries of the one involved and who join in the battle and chase.

A clutch of three eggs is par and from the moment the first is laid, somebody

always has to be on warming duty — a job that goes right on after the chicks arrive. Now this is a big drawback to such frigid weather reproduction, but the Nutcrackers have an answer. Both parents take turns, and while many bird species subscribe to this sharing of duty, it is usually only the female who develops an incubating patch. This is an area on the underside where the feathers fall out and the region becomes puffy and rich in extra blood vessels. With Nutcrackers, the expectant papa also acquires an incubating patch for the occasion. Thus both parents are equipped with a temporary heating blanket, so the eggs are kept constantly warm during the 18 days of incubation. The young must also be brooded nearly 100 percent of the time for the first nine days after arrival while their own temperature regulating system is getting geared up.

At these high altitudes so early in the year, Nature's cupboard is bare, unfortunately. Still, groceries are delivered on schedule to the yammering chicks. Provender consists of shelled and partly broken seeds worked into a mish-mash and rammed deep into the youngsters' gullets, their temporarily bright red mouth linings and big gape making a target the parents can't miss. That this is the food for young birds to grow by shows when a chick weighing only 7.1 grams when fresh out, tips the scales at 95.3 grams 17 days later. Nests are kept neat as a pin since the chicks thoughtfully deliver their fecal matter in little bags which can be carted away by the lucky parent who just brought the groceries.

With only a sparse down covering when new on the scene, the chicks soon begin to get feathers, their eyes open by the 11th day and by the time they are 18 days old they are busy preening their new feathers and practicing flapping their wings. Coaxed out of the nest a couple of days later by their insistent parents, the youngsters are still brooded in severe weather and fed on seeds and nuts until at last the mountain insects appear on the scene. By the time the young can fly and feed themselves, their parents' brood patch skin area returns to normal and will be refeathered in the Fall molt.

Early reproduction is a big advantage, for the adults are through with their job early and the youngsters, fully fledged by April or May, are far more mature by autumn to face next winter's hardships. Absolutely vital to the success of the whole thing is food, without which such early breeding would be impossible. The mountain closes up its grocery store for the winter. So where does the provender come from that first steams the adults up for the heavy energy drain required for reproduction and then most importantly feeds the nestlings once they are arrived?

From well-stocked caches the Nutcracker buried last Fall.

Big time harvesters, these energetic birds work the ponderosas and limber pines close to their breeding territory. Furthermore, they descend in flocks from their higher breeding areas into the lower mountains to the pinyon-juniper zone. Here they collect the high food value pinyon nuts by the thousands and

lug them back up mountain to be stowed in the ground which is handy to their nesting area.

Biologists S.P. Vander Wall and R.D. Balda, making their big study, were on hand with telescope, binoculars and stopwatch to observe Nutcrackers in action in north central Arizona. Obviously, the birds subscribe to the theory that the early bird gets the pinyons, for they are on the job about late August before the cones open. Naturally enough, they arrive with their usual loudmouthed enthusiasm and general khaa-etc.-ing back and forth. A typical harvest day, it seems, goes like this:

First breakfast. For what Nutcracker, with all the work ahead and all the yammering and squalling to be done, could face the day on an empty stomach? So the bird selects a cone, grabs it in the tip of his bill, twists it off, and carries it to a tree crotch or broad limb. He puts a big foot on it. Then that old pick-axe bill (a

COMING UP NEXT MONTH:

AN UNUSUAL UTAH FIELD TRIP BY MARY FRANCES STRONG

Nutcracker specialty) goes to work whacking, prying the lower scales apart. Each seed is carefully examined. If good, it is pulled out, cracked and the meat eaten. When all the good seeds have been extracted from a cone the bird gets another and works on it. Ten or 15 minutes of this, breakfast is over, and the Nutcracker begins seed collecting.

He has just the right tote bag for lugging away his loot. This is a remarkable pouch located on the floor of his mouth under his tongue. It lies flat and wrinkled when empty; when filled with seeds it expands downwards into a bulging sack. The openings into it are slits between the base of the tongue and sides of the lower jaw. When the tongue is raised these slits open wide for easy filling of the pouch, and the tongue, when lowered, acts as its lid.

Working with W.J. Bock this time, Balda and Vander Wall checked the

anatomy of this pouch and particularly admired its location. Because it lies flat when not in use and is under the tongue, it doesn't interfere with the bird's bill action, as the Nutcracker hammers and pulls on unopened cones extracting the seeds. Being off the main food track, the pouch doesn't prevent the bird from swallowing any tasty insect he finds or seed that looks especially good, and still go right on filling the sack. Nor was the problem of cargo weight overlooked, no small matter since an average load of 55 seeds may weigh some 11 gr. The pouch is therefore supported by the lower jaw, and in back and front by big sling-like muscles whose long fibers stretch as the pouch fills. Another muscular strap regulates its position and keeps it from swaying when full, very necessary when the bird is in flight.

Equipped thus, the Nutcracker proceeds with the work at hand. Rattling the seed around in his bill, he raises his head slightly and lets it roll down into his pouch. It may take 45 minutes and 17 cones to secure an average load. Some birds work faster than others; some even load more, such as the eager-beaver yearling who wadded 68 into his pouch.

Anyhow, cargo loaded at last, the bird, announcing his departure to the others with loud "khaars," is ready to take off for the caching area. His seed load may amount to 13 percent of his weight, but what with his long pointed wings and powerful flight muscles, there is no problem carrying it. Smart about using thermals and wind currents to gain elevation at takeoff, he's up and away on a rapid straight course.

He's got a way to go, for Nutcrackers store their groceries near their nesting area high in the mountains. Vander Wall and Balda's harvesters, for instance, had to fly a minimum of four and one-half miles to the closest suitable area, about 13 miles to the furthest. An ideal storage site consists of a bare loose gravel terrain on a steep slope with a southern exposure where the snow will be lightest and first to melt.

Arriving with his cargo at last, the bird lands in a tree, kraaing and looking about. Apparently satisfied with his survey, he drops to the ground, selects THE spot, and probes his bill into the earth. An upward, forward jerk of the head brings a seed up from the pouch to the bill where it is then shoved into the hole.

Several seeds are placed in the same hole and camouflaged with pebbles or a pine cone. In the next 10 minutes other spots are selected, seeds rammed in, and the pouch emptied. The bird then shoves off to the harvesting area for another load.

It takes about 80 to 100 minutes for an entire cache job (seed harvesting, burying and round trip flight) so the bird who really puts his back into it could make seven to eight trips a day. However, because time out is essential in Nutcracker circles for exchanging loud insults with squirrels, hob-nobbing with flock members and general noise making, probably not more than four to six trips are made.

Punching away at their computers, the zoologists saw that if there were a 100-day harvest and a bird made four to six trips a day with 55 seeds aboard, he would store between 22,000 and 33,000 seeds. He actually needs 9,920 seeds (based on his calorie needs and those available in the pinyon seed) from mid-October to mid-April. Therefore he puts away something like 12,038 or 23,090 more of these seeds than he needs. This is important when multiplied by the number of birds involved.

Among Clark Nutcrackers, the whole flock joins in the Fall harvest, even the youngsters who, since they hatched so early, are now well supplied with flight feathers and experienced at food finding. Furthermore, unlike their Old World Nutcracker cousins who, when paired, put their caches right in their individual nesting territories and defend them against all comers, these American Nutcrackers haul their groceries to a big communal storage area. The flock members all breed close by and all the seeds are available for general adult food and nestling stuffing. Biologists who like to ponder the problem of behavior bird and otherwise, regard this apparently altruistic behavior with great interest, particularly since immature birds are involved who won't be breeding for over a year. Kin selection, they speculate, must have something to do with it.

What with their family-raising stint being over so early, and their harvest work not due until Fall, the Nutcrackers have plenty of time during the late Spring and Summer to mind everybody else's business.

Such as serving as self-appointed alarm clocks for snoozing campers. ☐



THE ANZA-BORREGO DESERT REGION A Guide to the State Park and the Adjacent Areas

By Lowell and Diana Lindsay

At last a current and comprehensive guide to Southern California's most popular desert playground has been written. There has long been a need for such a guide to the Anza-Borrego/Yuha Desert, which annually receives more than a million visitor-use-days. This area, much of it wilderness, covers a third of San Diego County and portions of Riverside and Imperial counties from the Santa Rosa Mountains to the Mexican Border.

In its more than a million acres, about equally divided between the Anza-Borrego Desert State Park (the nation's largest state park) and BLM's Yuha Desert Unit (containing the site of possibly the earliest human remains in North America), the Anza-Borrego region appeals to a broad range of outdoor enthusiasts: backpackers, dune-buggy drivers, hikers, horsemen, nature seekers and campers.

From prehistoric Indians through weekend vacationers, men have called this desert home, some for all of their time, others for some of their time. From piney mountain crags to a windy inland sea, a rich variety of desert plants and animals dwell, in terrain and landforms as different as their inhabitants.

The book contains a large foldout map, providing an overall view of the region, and also detailed maps showing the most popular hiking and backpack areas. A section on arid-area travel and special precautions adds to the desert explorer's enjoyment and safety. Sixty-five trips along 700 miles of jeep trails, paved roads, and hiking routes are described, giving details of over 300 points of historic and natural interest.

The guide was written in cooperation with the California Dept. of Parks and Recreation, the Anza-Borrego Desert Natural History Association and the U.S. Dept. of the Interior, Bureau of Land Management (BLM), Riverside District Office.

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THE BLYTHE INTAGLIOS: MYTHS OR MARKERS

by KEITH BARRETTE

ARE THE Blythe intaglios myths or markers? The giant figures, incised on the tops of three mesas, are located about 15 miles north of Blythe, and a short distance west of California State Highway 95. The turn-off is marked.

The first set consists of a human figure, a quadruped and a serpentine coil. These are accessible by car. About 1,000 feet south, on the top of another mesa, is a second group consisting of a human figure and a quadruped. The third is of a lone figure. It lies about a quarter of a mile west on the right side of a dirt, but passable road. All of the sites have been fenced by the Bureau of Land Management as a deterrent to vandals.

The figures were made by scraping up the desert surface into ridges to form outlines. These bosses have congealed into solidity by "desert varnish," concocted by the reaction of lichen acid with the oxides of manganese, and iron, in the soil. No one has pinpointed the time it takes desert varnish to form, but horseback guesses range from 5,000 to 10,000 years.

Ever since the intaglios were discovered in 1930 by George Palmer, a civilian pilot of Beaumont, California, while flying from Las Vegas, Nevada to Blythe,

there have been a welter of theories advanced as to the Who, What, When, and Why of the figures, and symbols.

One of the first hypotheses is that the works pay homage to a great, powerful, and mythical Pima Indian warrior who killed a monster that was harrassing the tribe.

Another conjecture is that the man-figure is some kind of a special god. The quadruped is arbitrarily identified as a horse.

During the popularity wave of Erich von Deniken's *The Chariots of the Gods*, the creation of the intaglios was attributed to those ancient extra-terrestrials.

A more recent concept holds that these giant figures illustrate a Mohave Indian myth dealing with a super-normal cougar capable of transmitting great hunting skill to any Mohave brave who chanced to dream of it.

An historical notion has been added to the esoteric theories: the intaglios were made by the Spanish Conquistadores. This supposition can be immediately dismissed by the fact that the Spanish invasion was halted by the Quechan (kay-shon) Indians near the Gila-Colorado Rivers crossing, at the approximate site of future Fort Yuma.



The *Quechans* were a gut-and-muscle tribe of giants that originally came out of Mexico, settled along the *Gila* (hee-la) River, a tributary of the Lower Colorado River, and spread north, acquiring territory by aggression. Their realm extended as far as the present town of Needles, California, and embraced approximately 8,000 square miles.

Recorded information, placed in comparative perspective, provides viable evidence that the Quechans were the models, and the makers, of the Blythe intaglios. This same evidence tends to diminish the integrity of the Pima and Mojave theories.

Diaries of the friars, accompanying the Spanish, and the journals of later day travelers, never failed to record, with considerable awe, the singular stature of the Quechan men.

One diarist estimated them standing, "well over six feet tall." A journal notes, "they might be classed with the race of giants." Proportionately, these Indian males weighed from 225 to 240 pounds.



Granddaddy of all petroglyphs to be found on the Colorado Desert. The set shown is the most detailed of three groups in an area 15 miles north of Blythe, California. The group consists of a man-figure, a quadruped and a serpentine coil.

There are many flaws in the reasoning that the intaglios represent myths:

The fact that the Pimas lived some 200 miles from the site, in Central Arizona. More important is the fact that the Pimas and the Quechan were at outs. It is quite unlikely that the former would attempt to deify a tribal fancy in hostile territory.

Identifying the quadruped as being that of a horse does not fit the time frame enclosing the formation of desert varnish and the acquisition of horses by the Indians. Horses were not available to Western Indian tribes until the Spaniards came in the 1600s.

Assigning the intaglios to the occupants of von Deniken's *Chariots*, lacks credibility, and the belief has faded with the popularity of the book.

As for the Mohave-super cougar theory, there are several points to consider. Probably foremost is the dress of the Mohave men — they wore breech clouts. The figure on the lower mesa is definitely phallic, and this fits the description penned by the diarists.

More than likely, the quadruped represents a dog. The old chroniclers noted that the Quechans possessed "lap dogs." In proportion to the man-figure, the quadruped is about the right size for a lap dog.

Both the Mohave and the Quechans are Yuman peoples. Research fails to disclose any evidence of an effigy tradition, in either the mythology, or religion, of the Yuman speaking tribes.

The real key to the lock might well be the serpentine coil. This was a symbol for water *per se* (flowing water was represented by a bank of wavy lines).

The literal translation of *Quechan* is "he who wades in the water." Colloquially, "the water people."

The Mohave were an agricultural tribe. This has been used to support the cougar explanation, because these Indians would have the necessary implements to scrape up the earth.

But in addition to being bellicose, the Quechans were quasi-nomadic farmers. Possessing this bucolic bent, they also

would have the tools with which to dig the ridges outlining the figures.

The intaglios flank a once-heavily traveled trade route that snaked westward across the desert into the Los Angeles Basin. In the unrecorded past, this trail carried a vigorous commerce in sea shells, pottery, basketry, and implements between the desert and coastal tribes.

The rock cairns that stood beside, or near, the track are not shrines, as some believe, but provide travel information. These comply with a practice all Western Indians used in marking routes in treeless country.

Indians took no special pains to make the signs visible. When an aborigine, on the move, came to a fork in the trail, a change in elevation, an interchange, or a stream, he looked for a tree, or a rock blaze, or a cairn to give him the needed information.

In the case of the cairns, this information was to be found in an arrangement of rocks at the base of the pyramid. Today's motorist does the same thing with traffic signs, and symbols, encountered in his traveling in unfamiliar country, except the information is more visible.

It is a safe bet that when the cairns, in the proximity of the Blythe intaglios, were in their pristine condition, there were carefully positioned rocks at their bases. From these the Indian knew that investigation was in order, and he checked it out. The intaglios were made big, not to be seen, but to be easily found.

When the Indian found them, he knew he was in Quechan country. What he did next depended on whether he was a friend, or a foe.

In two words the intaglios might well be: territorial markers. □

Mountain Palm Springs Palm Bowl

by DICK BLOOMQUIST

IN THEIR topography Surprise Canyon and Palm Bowl resemble the Pygmy and Southwest groves, which we visited a bit earlier. In both cases small arroyos containing palms open up into mountain-girt amphitheaters lined with even larger numbers of Washingtonias. Palm Bowl surpasses the Southwest oasis, however, in the size of its basin.

A sunny flat thick with mesquite lies between the end of Surprise Canyon and the palms themselves which grow along the base of the Bowl's far slope. The granite bulwarks framing the grove are considerably higher than those enclosing Surprise. I counted approximately 120 trees, from youngsters to veterans between 35 and 40 feet tall, the majority sheathed with long skirts. A handful of stumps, some dead trunks and myriad fronds clutter the ground. In 1960 I saw morteros in the rocks, but fallen fronds have now evidently veiled them. Frag-

ments of pottery are still visible, however.

The oasis offered the Indians many things: water, shade, game, vegetable foods and outcrops on which mesquite pods, palm fruit and the seeds of smaller plants could be ground up. It was in places like Palm Bowl along the desert's edge, as well as in the high mountains to

the control of the Spaniards or Mexicans. In 1775 the Dieguenos attacked and burned Mission San Diego. During the Garra Revolt of 1851-52, San Diego prepared to defend itself against an expected Indian assault, but the general uprising of southern California tribes never did materialize. Instead, the "Revolt" produced only a number of scattered incidents.

A gully marked by rushes and Washingtonias bisects Palm Bowl oasis. Near the back of the grove, a recess in the gully's bank holds precious water. Bees were humming over the spring at the time of my visit, their droning adding to the pleasant drowsiness of early afternoon. A phainopepla called nearby, and down on the flat two cottontails darted into the shelter of the mesquites.

Traditionally, the arid regions have an austere and forbidding reputation. Yet when viewed with the eye of love, the desert is more often a friendly land. This was its mood in Palm Bowl, where a garden-like aura of well-being lay over the land, an aura made up of many parts: the bright colors of earth and sky, the balmy warmth, the refreshing shade of the palms, the activity of birds and insects.

With Palm Bowl we say goodbye to Mountain Palm Springs. Its unspoiled oases, together with those in neighboring Indian Valley, make this corner of the Anza-Borrego country a most rewarding one to explore. Few sectors of the desert, in fact, offer so much in such a small tract of land.

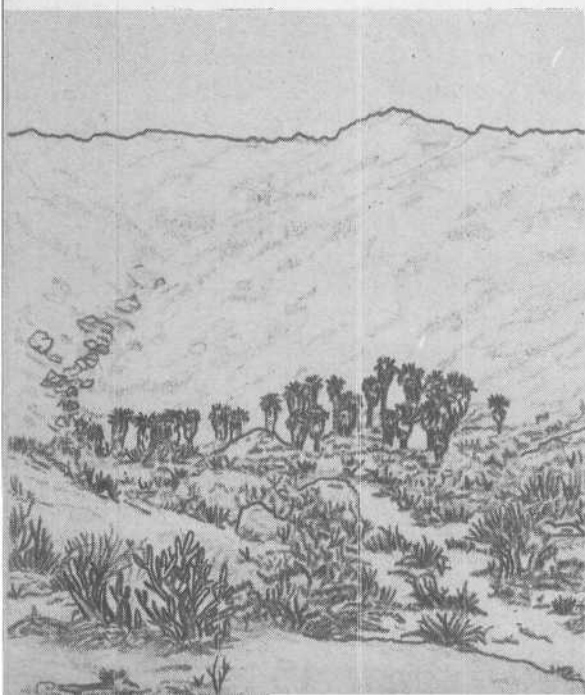
Next, we'll journey a short distance southward to the state park's Bow Willow Campground, gateway to a tiny grove in the South Fork of Bow Willow Canyon. □

Mountain Palm Springs Palm Bowl Log

- 0.0 Junction of San Diego County Road S2 and good dirt road to Mountain Palm Springs Primitive Camp in southern part of Anza-Borrego Desert State Park. This junction is one mile south of turnoff to Indian Gorge and Valley. Turn right and drive to primitive camp.
- 0.6 Dirt road ends at primitive camp at base of Tierra Blanca Mountains. Hike up the arroyo entering campground from the right toward Mary's Grove, which is visible from end of road. After a quarter of a mile or so, Surprise Canyon comes in on left; confluence is a very short distance below Mary's Grove. Canyon runs westward for three-quarters of a mile to Palm Bowl. Total hiking distance from ground to Bowl approximately one mile; elevation at oasis about 1040 feet.

the west, that the Dieguenos continued to live relatively undisturbed by white men until well into the 19th century. Unlike most California Mission Indians, these tribesmen possessed a strong spirit of independence which lasted down into the American period. This was especially true of the mountain and desert clans, which never came under

The Palm Bowl grove at Mountain Palm Springs occupies a spacious amphitheater at the end of Surprise Canyon.



UTAH'S DIXIE

Continued from Page 31

besides the Lost Snyder Mine, the Lost Lead and the Lost Holt just to mention two that are close to St. George. In 1828, Peg Leg Smith discovered a lead of nearly pure silver in the bed of Mogotsu Creek near where it empties into the Santa Clara River, about three miles northeast of present-day Gunlock. There was no doubt of Peg Leg's discovery at the time, for many saw the chunks of rich silver ore he brought from his find, but a quartz mine in the heart of Indian Country had little appeal for investors back in 1828.

But there is definite proof of Peg Leg's find, for in 1852 Jim Houdon, a California-bound prospector, discovered the same ledge as he was following the Old Spanish Trail west. Anxious to get to California, and uncertain whether the silvery-colored ore he had found in an unnamed creek bed was lead or silver, Houdon threw several chunks in his wagon and continued westward. Later assays made in California proved that the pieces of ore he had picked up were nearly pure silver! When the California gold rush slowed, Houdon returned to southern Utah, but he was never able to locate the place where he had found Peg Leg's lost silver lead.

More years passed and then one day Robert Lloyd, a pioneer settler of Pine Valley, north of St. George, noticed a prospect hole while he was hunting cattle along a creek bed. Wondering why anyone would have dug a hole right at the water's edge, he investigated, and he, too, found the same pieces of silvery metal Peg Leg and Houdon had uncovered. Lloyd also picked up several pieces of heavy metal, but years passed before he showed them to a miner friend who identified them as high grade silver. By then, Lloyd was an old man, and so far as is known never tried to return to the Lost Lead, as it had become known.

All of the discoverers, Peg Leg, Houdon and Lloyd described the "lead" as being right in the creek bed. Over the years spring floods may have covered it with debris, or high banks might have collapsed to cover it. Three times it has been discovered by accident. Could such a luck accident happen to you?

In 1874, James Holt, a Mormon pio-

neer for whom the ghost town of Holt was named, found an outcrop of "pretty red rock" in a desert canyon at the edge of the Escalante Desert (see *Desert*, March, 1973). For years, Holt used a chunk of that "pretty red rock" as a doorstep, then one day a knowledgeable miner saw it and told Holt that it was red colored bull quartz, heavily laden with seams of free gold. The miner's opinion was later verified by a St. George assayer.

But Holt was a devout Mormon and knew that Brigham Young had forbidden Mormons to engage in mining, fearful of the rush of non-Mormons a goldstrike could bring. Holt never again went near the place where he had found the "pretty red rock," nor would he tell his sons where the ledge was located. Holt's Lost Ledge was well known to early settlers, for many had seen the chunks of heavy gold ore he had brought from it, nor did Holt every deny that it existed, he simply refused to profit from it.

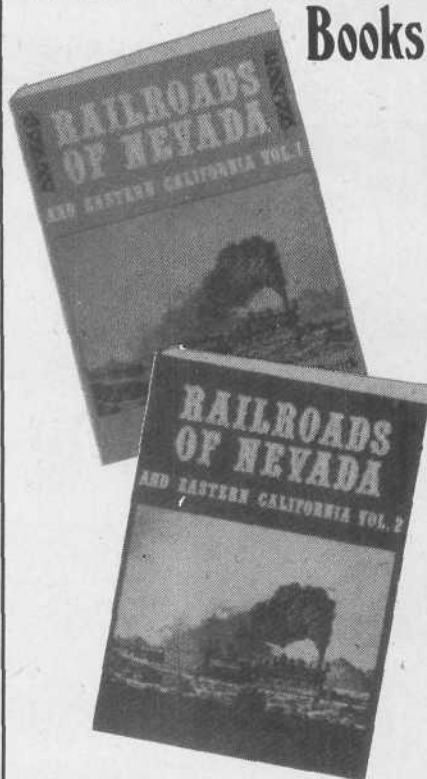
Today the site of old Holt can be reached by taking U-18 north from St. George to Veyo. From Veyo continue north about 14 miles to where the Pinto Road comes in from the east. Follow that dirt road toward Pinto, now a ghost town, for three miles to where a steep dirt Jeep trail turns sharply to the left (north). This is a steep and rocky trail, and low-slung passenger-type vehicles will probably high-center on it.

About one mile from the Pinto road there is a small forlorn and forgotten cemetery hidden in the brush by the roadside. This is where the old town of Hamblin once stood. Four miles beyond the Hamblin cemetery, down Meadow Valley Wash, is the old site of Holt. Hardly a trace remains, but Jim Holt's "pretty red rocks" are still there, somewhere!

There is still an untamed desert land where Utah's Dixie butts up against the Arizona and Nevada borders, stretching wild and wide into the western sunset. It's a land of spiny prickly pear and yucca, where coyotes still howl and rattlesnakes seek shade under mesquite and sage.

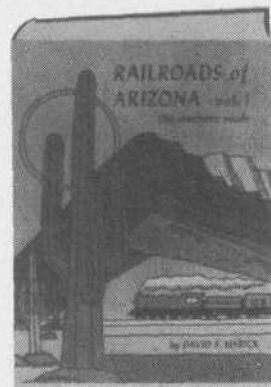
There are ghost towns hidden in seldom-seen gulchs and lost mines still waiting to be found. It is a big country, and dime stores are few and far between. Fortunes have been won and lost there. Perhaps one is waiting, just for you! □

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What's Cooking on the Desert?

by STELLA HUGHES

Strawberries!

THROUGHOUT most of the Southwest, strawberries begin to ripen in May or June—just in time to provide fare for bridal showers. However, the growing season is extended through the summer by ever-bearing varieties, and roadside stands will offer strawberries even in August at good prices. Take advantage of the peak season and buy the berries by the flat. Eat all you want fresh, and preserve some in the way of jam.

Strawberries should be prepared at least an hour before serving so that the sugar has time to permeate the fruit. Drizzle a little honey or orange juice over sliced, sugared berries. Serve with whipped cream.

My mother made the best strawberry pie in the world. Naturally! If you don't believe my claim, just try her recipe and see for yourself.

Strawberry Pie

- 3 cups strawberries
- 1 cup sugar
- 1½ cups strawberry liquid and water
- 1½ tablespoons cornstarch
- 1½ teaspoons Knox gelatin, softened in ¼ cup water
- 1 tablespoon butter or margarine
- 4 drops red food coloring
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 baked pie shell

Wash strawberries, hull, cut in halves, except smallest berries. Mix 3 cups berries with 1 cup sugar, stirring often until sugar is dissolved, about two hours. Drain well, reserving the liquid. This makes about 1 cup of liquid. Add enough water to make 1½ cups; add cornstarch and mix well. Cook over low heat until thickened and clear, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add the gelatin softened in ¼ cup water; mix well. Add butter, food coloring and salt. Chill until mixture begins to congeal; fold in berries. Chill until thickened, but not set. You can hasten this process by placing pan in a bowl of ice. Pour into pie shell.

Refrigerate until firm and serve with whipped cream.

Some strawberries will be juicier than others. If they are not well drained when adding to cooked mixture your pie may be sloppy. If I feel strawberries have not drained enough, I increase the amount of gelatin called for in recipe.

Cream Cheese Strawberry Pie

Honey in strawberry pie brings out the flavor of the fruit, and adds variety to the taste of an otherwise ordinary pie.

- 2 packages (3 oz.) cream cheese
- 2 tablespoons honey
- dash salt
- ½ teaspoon milk to moisten cheese
- 1 9-inch pastry shell, baked
- ½ cup honey
- ⅓ cup water
- 1 tablespoon unflavored gelatin
- 1 cup crushed strawberries (do not drain)
- several drops red food coloring
- 2 cups whole strawberries, halved

Cream together cheese, 2 tablespoons honey and salt, moisten with milk. Spread over bottom of pastry shell. Combine in a saucepan, ½ cup honey, water, gelatin, the cup of crushed strawberries and food coloring. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly until slightly thickened and clear, perhaps 10 minutes. Cool until mixture mounds. Arrange sliced berries over cream cheese; spoon gelatin mixture over berries. Chill 2 or 3 hours.

Strawberry Short Cake

This recipe is taken exactly as found in an old cookbook published in 1908. The cover was gone when it was given to me, so I have no idea what the book was titled. All the recipes are written out and there are over 400 pages of them, in hard-to-read type, smaller than used in telephone directories.

"Mix two cupfuls of flour, one egg well beaten, butter the size of an egg, lard the size of an egg, two tablespoons of sugar, two level teaspoons baking powder sifted in with the flour, as if for biscuit dough. Roll, divide into two equal layers, put one above the other, and bake. Crush together a quart of strawberries and a cupful of pulverized sugar. When shortcake is done, separate the layers, spread the berries thickly between and above them, and place the whole again in the oven for five minutes. Serve hot."

Old Time Strawberry Ice Cream

No cooking! Just eggs to beat and milk to measure. Ice cream to bring back memories of Sunday afternoons long ago.

- 4 eggs
- 2½ cups sugar (use ¼ cup to sweeten pureed strawberries)
- 1 cup milk
- 4 cups heavy cream
- 1 teaspoon vanilla (optional)
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 4 cups pureed strawberries (use ½ cup sugar)

Add sugar gradually to beaten eggs. Continue to beat until mixture is stiff. Add remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. Pour into gallon freezer and freeze as directed. This recipe can be made in either a hand-crank model or an electric motor-driven model.

To ripen or harden ice cream in the bucket, remove dasher and hand to nearest child who's waiting to lick the dasher. Push ice cream down into can. It will be about the consistency of whipped cream or mush, when it's finished churning.

Drain off all the brine water through drainage hole in the freezer bucket and add more salt and ice to cover can completely. Be sure to place cork in hole located in cover. Put some newspapers over top of bucket and old quilts or blankets for insulation, and let ripen two or three hours. I've found an old sleeping bag insulates wonderfully. Woolen blankets are great for this purpose, also.

Sun-cured Strawberry Preserves

This is another old-time recipe taken

from a book almost 100 years old.

"Select large, but firm strawberries, hull and wash them, and measure two pounds of strawberries and two pounds of sugar. Put half a cupful of hot water in your kettle, add the sugar, stir until hot and then put in the two pounds of berries and slowly simmer for five minutes. The berries will certainly lose their color and shrink; but take the whole up

and pour in shallow earthen or agate dishes, and stand in the sun for three days, taking them in at night. Cover with cheese cloth to keep out bees and flies. The third day the color will return, the berries will grow plump and firm, and the syrup will be almost jelly. Do not try to put up more than two pounds at once. Put up jelly in jars or glasses without heating." □



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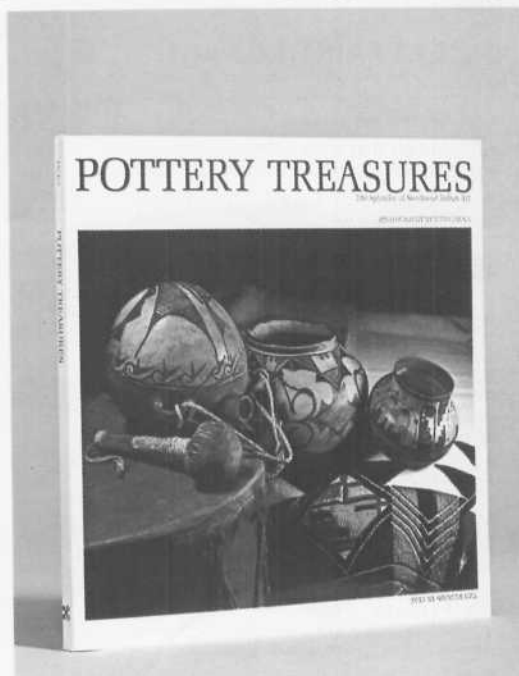
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August 1979

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BOOKS OF

GHOST TOWNS OF THE COLORADO ROCKIES by Robert L. Brown. Written by the author of *Jeep Trails to Colorado Ghost Towns*, this book deals with ghost towns accessible by passenger car. Gives directions and maps for finding towns along with historical backgrounds. Hardcover, 401 pages, \$9.95.

HISTORICAL ATLAS OF CALIFORNIA by Warren A. Beck and Ynez D. Hasse. Extensive documentation and pertinent detail make this atlas a valuable aid to the student, scholar and every one interested in the Golden State. 101 excellent maps present information on the major faults, early Spanish explorations, Mexican land grants, routes to gold fields, the Butterfield and Pony Express routes, CCC camps, World War II Installations, etc. Hardcover, large format, extensive index, \$12.50.

HISTORICAL ATLAS OF NEW MEXICO by Warren A. Beck and Ynez D. Hasse. Geographical data, sites of prehistoric civilizations, events of history, first towns, stagecoach lines, historic trails, etc., are included in this comprehensive atlas. Excellent maps, index. Hardcover, large format, highly recommended, \$9.95.

HOPi KACHINA DOLLS [With a Key to Their Identification], by Harold S. Colton. Kachina dolls are neither toys nor idols, but aids to teaching religion and tradition. This is a definitive work on the subject, describing the meaning, the making and the principal features of 266 varieties of Kachina dolls. Line drawings of each variety, plus color and b/w photos make it a complete guide to learn more of the richness of American Indian culture. Paperback, 150 pages, \$4.50.

ALIVE IN THE DESERT, The complete guide for desert recreation and survival, by Joe Kraus. A handy volume that is worth its weight in your backpack or daypack on all your desert travels, by car or on foot. The author is a longtime desert writer who has been there himself. Paperback, 113 pages, \$5.95.

ADVENTURES IN THE REDWOODS by Harriett E. Weaver. The fascinating story of the giant redwood is told by Harriett E. Weaver, whose career as California's first woman park ranger was spent among these living skyscrapers. A detailed guide to all major redwood groves in both the coastal and Sierra regions is included. Beautifully illus., paperback, \$2.95.

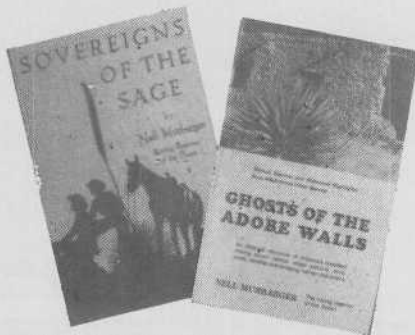
HIGH MOUNTAINS & DEEP VALLEYS by Lew and Ginny Clark, with photographs by Edwin C. Rockwell. A history and general guide book to the vast lands east of the High Sierra, south of the Comstock Lode, north of the Mojave Desert and west of Death Valley, by oldtimers who know the area and have since birth. Paperback, 192 pages, 250 photographs and many maps. \$6.95.

SHADY LADIES OF THE WEST by Ronald Dean Miller. Everyone knows that the harlot was the vanguard of every move westward, and that she was as much of a part of the western scene as the marshal, the badman, the trail-hand or the rancher. Many are the reasons she has been neglected by the historian—none of them valid. Author Miller, in this enlightening book, seeks to remedy some of the paucity of information on the American pioneers of this ancient profession. Hardcover, comprehensive bibliography, 224 pages, \$7.95.

FIELD GUIDE TO WESTERN BIRDS by Roger Tory Peterson. The standard book for field identification sponsored by the National Audubon Society. Second Edition, enlarged, 658 photos in full color. Strong, durable paperback, \$6.95.

GHOST TOWN: El Dorado by Lambert Florin. The colorful, outrageous characters of the Western mining towns come to life on every page of this fascinating volume crammed with photos of ghost towns in Colorado, California, Arizona, Utah, etc., plus exciting history and anecdotes. 246 photos and illustrations. Large format, hardcover, originally published at \$12.95, now priced at \$5.95.

MINES OF THE MOJAVE by Ron and Peggy Miller covers the numerous mining districts running across the upper Mojave Desert from Tropic, west of the town of Mojave, to Mountain Pass, a little west of the Nevada border. Paperback, 67 pages, \$2.50.



LOST MINES AND BURIED TREASURES OF THE WEST, Bibliography and Place Names from Kansas West to California, Oregon, Washington and Mexico. This large, easy-to-use volume lists the works of more than 1100 different authors, covering thousands of stories of lost mines and buried treasures supposedly located in 15 Western and Southwestern states and in Mexico. An important basic research tool for historians, geologists, geographers, anthropologists, archaeologists and folklorists. Hardcover, 593 pages, \$27.50.

WILLIE BOY, by Harry Lawton. The story of an incomparable Indian chase, its unexpected conclusion, woven into an authentic turn-of-the-century history of California's Twentynine Palms country. This desert classic offers rare insights into Indian character and customs, as well as a first-hand look at a colorful desert region as it was nearly a century ago. Historic photographs and colorful maps, paperback, \$4.95.

ANZA-BORREGO DESERT GUIDE BOOK, Southern California's last frontier, by Horace Parker, revised by George and Jean Leetch. A classic reference to America's largest desert park, originally published in 1957 and now updated, enlarged and improved by the "dean of desert rangers" and his wife. With excellent logs, maps and photographs brought up to 1979 standards. Paperback, 154 pages, two maps, many photos, \$6.95.

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIAN'S GUIDE TO WILD FOOD by Christopher Nyerges. This newly published manual describes the most common plants of So. California in detail and tells how to include them into your diet. Beat the high cost of food by utilizing free wild food in backyards, vacant lots and wilderness areas. Many recipes included. Paperback, \$4.95.

DESERT GEM TRAILS by Mary Frances Strong. *DESERT Magazine's* Field Trip Editor's popular field guide for rockhounds. The "bible" for both amateur and veteran rockhounds and back country explorers, and covers the gems and minerals of the Mojave and Colorado Deserts. Heavy paperback, 80 pages, \$2.00.

WESTERN GEM HUNTERS ATLAS by Cy Johnson and Son. A helpful book of detailed maps showing gem and mineral locations, from California to the Dakotas and British Columbia to Texas. Markings note private claims, gem claims (fee charged) and rock and gem locations. Also suggested reading for more detail on areas included and other rich areas not included in this publication. Paperback, maps galore, collector's library, 79 pages, \$4.00.

MINES OF THE SAN BERNARDINOS by John W. Robinson. The largest gold rush in the southern regions of the Golden State took place in the San Bernardino mountains. John tells of this and many other strikes that led to the opening of this high wooded area. Paperback, illustrated, 72 pages, \$2.50.

GHOSTS OF THE ADOBE WALLS by Nell Murbarger. A reprint of Arizona history by one of the desert's outstanding reporters. Old mines, towns, army posts, people and areas are reborn into vivid life by an expert writer who knows her areas and subjects. With handy locator maps and many photographs. Paperback, \$7.95.

SOVEREIGNS OF THE SAGE by Nell Murbarger. A collection of previously told tales about the people and the places of the great American Southwest by the original author, a longtime reporter of the desert. Many photographs, some of them now lost, several excellent Norton Allen Maps. Paperback, \$7.95.

BAJA CALIFORNIA GUIDEBOOK by Walt Wheelock and Howard E. Gulick, formerly Gerhard and Gulick's *Lower California Guidebook*. This totally revised fifth edition is up-to-the-minute for the Transpeninsular paved highway, with new detailed mileages and descriptive text. Corrections and additions are shown for the many side roads, ORV routes, trails and little-known byways to desert, mountain, beach and bay recesses. Folding route maps are in color and newly revised for current accuracy. Indispensable reference guide, hardcover, \$10.50.

A FIELD GUIDE TO THE COMMON AND INTERESTING PLANTS OF BAJA CALIFORNIA by Jeanette Coyle and Norman Roberts. Over 250 plants are described with 189 color photos. Includes past and present uses of the plants by aborigines and people in Baja today. Scientific, Spanish and common names are given. Excellent reference and highly recommended. 224 pages, paperback, \$8.50.

BACK ROADS OF CALIFORNIA by Earl Tholander and the Editors of Sunset Books. Early stagecoach routes, missions, remote canyons, old prospector cabins, mines, cemeteries, etc., are visited as the author travels and sketches the California Backroads. Through maps and notes, the traveler is invited to get off the freeways and see the rural and country lanes throughout the state. Paperback, large format, unusually beautiful illustrations, 207 pages, \$6.95.

WHERE TO FIND GOLD IN THE DESERT by James Klein is a sequel to *Where to Find Gold in Southern California*. Author Klein includes lost treasure tales and gem locations as he tells where to find gold in the Rosamond-Mohave area, the El Paso Mountains, Randsburg and Barstow areas, and many more. Paperback, 112 pages, \$3.95.

BAJA CALIFORNIA AND ITS MISSIONS by Tomas Robertson. This book is a must for all of those who are interested in the saga of the mission fathers and who may wish to visit those almost forgotten churches of the lonesome peninsula of Baja California. Paperback, 96 pages, illustrated with photos and maps, \$3.50.

THE WEST

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GHOST TOWNS OF ARIZONA by James and Barbara Sherman. If you are looking for a ghost town in Arizona this is your waybill. Illustrated, maps, townships, range, co-ordinates, history, and other details make this one of the best ghost town books ever published. Large 9x11 format, heavy paperback, 208 pages, \$5.95.

TRACKING DOWN OREGON, by Ralph Friedman. An excellent general history of California's northern neighbor, which has as much desert of a different description plus a lot of sea coast and exciting history. Many photographs of famous people and places and good directions how to get there. Paperback, 307 pages, more than 100 photographs, \$5.95.

BACKPACKING GUIDE TO SAN DIEGO COUNTY, by Skip Ruland. An informative, no-nonsense primer to day hiking and extended several-day trips into the Southern California mountain and desert back country, covering more territory than the title suggests. Also this little book contains emergency information useful wherever you hike or travel in the back country. Paperback, 80 pages, several maps and sketches, \$2.95.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY IN BAJA CALIFORNIA by Harry Crosby. A fascinating recounting of a trip by muleback over the rugged spine of the Baja California peninsula, along an historic path created by the first Spanish padres. It tells of the life and death of the old Jesuit missions. It describes how the first European settlers were lured into the mountains along the same road. Magnificent photographs, many in color, highlight the book. Hardcover, 182 pages, large format, \$14.50.

LIMBO by Carobeth Laird. A chilling but fascinating personal memoir of life in a nursing home by a survivor, who was also the author of *Encounter with an Angry God* and *The Chemehuevis*. Mrs. Laird was 79 during the experiences she describes, and 81 when she completed this book, already being hailed a landmark work for potential change in the nursing home scene. Paperback, 178 pages, \$5.95.

ELECTRONIC PROSPECTING with the VLF/TR Metal/Mineral Detector, by Charles Garrett, Bob Grant and Roy Lagal. A handy reference for anyone using late-model metal detectors, written by experts in this expanding field. Contains many hints on how to find gold and other treasure ores and artifacts with a good bibliography and appendix. Paperback, 86 pages, numerous illustrations, \$3.95.

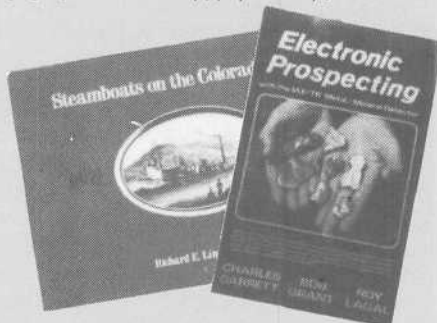
OWYHEE TRAILS by Mike Hanley and Ellis Lucia. The authors have teamed to present the boisterous past and intriguing present of this still wild corner of the West sometimes called the I-O-N, where Idaho, Oregon and Nevada come together. Hardcover, 225 pages, \$9.95.

CALIFORNIA GHOST TOWN TRAILS by Mickey Broman. Thirty-six photographs showing some of the old towns as they appear today, not as they did 50 or 100 years ago. Thirty-six maps with detail mileage to the ghost towns, shown to the tenth of a mile. Interesting and historical data for treasure hunters, rockhounds, bottle collectors and western-lore enthusiasts. Paperback, \$2.95.

WILDLIFE OF THE SOUTHWEST DESERTS by Jim Cornett. Written for the layman and serious students alike, this excellent book on all the common animals of the Southwest deserts. A must for desert explorers, it presents a brief life history of everything from ants to burros. Paperback, 80 pages, illustrated, \$3.95.

CALIFORNIA-NEVADA GHOST TOWN ATLAS and **SOUTHWESTERN GHOST TOWN ATLAS** by Robert Neil Johnson. These atlases are excellent do-it-yourself guides to lead you back to scenes and places of the early West. Some photos and many detailed maps with legends and bright, detailed descriptions of what you will see; also mileage and highway designations. Heavy paperback, each contains 48 pages, each \$2.00.

JEEP TRAILS TO COLORADO GHOST TOWNS by Robert L. Brown. An illustrated, detailed, informal history of life in the mining camps deep in the almost inaccessible mountain fastness of the Colorado Rockies. 58 towns are included as examples of the vigorous struggle for existence in the mining camps of the West. Illustrated, 239 pages, end sheet map, paperback, \$6.95.



THE BAJA FEELING, by Ben Hunter. Not just another turista invasion book about Baja, but an entertaining and informative report on the trials and tribulations of weekending and finally, homebuilding in Baja California, by a charming writer who admits he doesn't know everything. A refreshing change! Hardcover, 334 pages, photographs and drawings, \$8.95.

BALLARAT, Compiled by Paul Hubbard, Doris Bray and George Pipkin. Ballarat, now a ghost town in the Panamint Valley, was once a flourishing headquarters during the late 1880s and 1900s for the prospectors who searched for silver and gold in that desolate area of California. The authors tell of the lives and relate anecdotes of the famous old-timers. First published in 1965, this reprinted edition is an asset to any library. Paperback, illustrated, 98 pages, \$3.00.

THE BLACK ROCK DESERT, by Sessions S. Wheeler. One of Nevada's least-known and most scenic historical desert areas is described by the state's leading professional historian and author. Black Rock is part of the huge Great Desert Basin and was the setting for Indian battles and several tragic incidents during the 1849 California Gold Rush. Paperback, 186 pages, many black and white photographs, sketches and maps, \$4.95.

SPEAKING OF INDIANS by Bernice Johnston. An authority on the Indians of the Southwest, the author has presented a concise, well-written book on the customs, history, crafts, ceremonies and what the American Indian has contributed to the white man's civilization. A MUST for both students and travelers touring the Indian Country. Heavy paperback, illus., \$2.95.

THE SEA OF CORTEZ, The Gulf of California, Baja, and Mexico's Mainland Coast by Ray Cannon and the Sunset Editors. A rich and colorful text acquaints the traveler and outdoorsman with the history, people, climate and travel opportunities of this exciting wonderland. Each of the 12 regions that make up the Gulf of California is covered in a separate chapter with a special section on how to catch "Cortez fishes." Large format, hardcover, 272 pages, \$14.95.

STEAMBOATS ON THE COLORADO RIVER, 1852-1916, by Richard E. Lingenfelter. The first comprehensive, illustrated history of steamboating on the entire length of the Colorado River and its principal tributaries. Covering nearly a century of western history, this book fills a real need and joins the gaps in the saga of marine navigation in the arid desert. Many maps, illustrations and a list of all the river steamers. Paperback, 195 pages, \$9.50.

BURIED TREASURE & LOST MINES by Frank Fish. One of the original treasure hunters provides data on 93 lost bonanzas, many of which he personally searched for. He died under mysterious circumstances in 1968 after leading an adventurous life. Illustrated with photos and maps. Paperback, 68 pages, \$2.00.

NEVADA PLACE NAMES by Helen S. Carlson. The sources of names can be amusing or tragic, whimsical or practical. In any case, the reader will find this book good reading as well as an invaluable reference tool. Hardcover, 282 pages, \$15.00.

ARIZONA PLACE NAMES by Will C. Barnes, Revised and enlarged by Byrd H. Granger. Excellent reference book with maps, Biographical Information and Index. Large format, hardcover, 519 pages, \$11.50.

LAND OF POCO TIEMPO by Charles F. Lummis. A reprint of the famous writer and historian of his adventures among the Indians of New Mexico. Lummis was one of the foremost writers of the West. Paperback, 236 pages, \$3.95.

CALIFORNIA DESERT WILDFLOWERS by Philip A. Munz. Illustrated with both line drawings and beautiful color photos, and descriptive text by one of the desert's finest botanists. Paperback, \$3.95.

CACTUS IDENTIFIER Including Succulent Plants by Helmut Bechtel. This gem of a little book contains 119 beautiful color photographs of cacti and succulent plants. Detailed descriptions of each, plus where they are to be found, and how to care for them. 256 pages of informative reading, hardcover, \$4.95.

FIELD GUIDE TO ANIMAL TRACKS by Olaus J. Murie [Peterson Field Guide Series]. This comprehensive book helps you recognize and understand the signs of all mammals—wild and domestic—on this continent, as well as those of many birds, reptiles and insects. More than 1000 drawings; individual tracks, different track patterns, animals in their habitats, droppings, gnawed trees—all the types of clues the tracker needs. Strong, durable paperback, \$5.95.

THE CREATIVE OJO BOOK by Diane Thomas. Instructions for making the colorful yarn tall-mans originally made by Pueblo and Mexican Indians. Included are directions for wall-hung ojos, necklaces, mobiles and gift-wraps tie-ons. Well illustrated with 4-color photographs, 52 pages, paperback, \$2.95.

DESERT EDITOR by J. Wilson McKenney. This is the story of Randall Henderson, founder of DESERT Magazine, who fulfilled a dream and who greatly enriched the lives of the people who love the West. Hardcover, illustrated with 188 pages, \$7.95.

RAILROADS OF ARIZONA VOL. I by David F. Myrick. More than 30 railroads of Southern Arizona are presented, together with 542 nostalgic illustrations, 55 special maps and an Index. A valuable travel guide and a reliable historical reference. Large format, hardcover, 477 pages, \$19.50.

Letters to the Editor

Letters requesting answers must
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Coyote Hunter . . .

I wish to commend you for publishing the article under the title of: "The Controversial Predator," in your June 1979 issue of *Desert Magazine*.

In 1936, I was so unfortunate as to find myself working in the so-called predator control, as "Hunter Reed." Instead of being a hunter, I was a poisoner, using strychnine bait, in total disregard for the rights of many people, and what we call endangered species of wildlife.

To place the poisoned coyotes I found on bold display, and then place poisoned furbearers, birds, valuable working dogs and children's pets out of sight, did not belong in my way of life, so I refused to work with it.

Then came the use of the dastardly: Sodium Fluoroacetate (Compound 1080). Due to the secondary poisoning hazards of this type of poison, and regurgitated material from poison stations by birds and animals, the wildlife of our parks most certainly are endangered.

Surely the sheepmen are entitled to protection for their flocks, but not by the use of poisons. After I refused to use the poison and instead used traps, guns and dogs, I made many friends, including sheepmen.

LESTER REED,
Castle Dale, Utah.

Western History Buff . . .

As a subscriber to *Desert Magazine*, and a Western history buff for many years, I look forward to and enjoy every issue.

The April, 1979 issue is undoubtedly one of your very best. From the striking cover through the entire contents of subject matter, this is a masterpiece of journalism, art and make-up. And a big hand for the printers, also.

As for the subject of American Indian and Cowboy Artists, recognition and exposure of the work has been long overdue. For your efforts and vital interest in this regard, I congratulate you on your good judgement and foresight.

We of the Southwest should be grateful you have taken such a strong initiative to perpetuate another phase of our great American Heritage.

VICTOR ARMSTRONG,
Pasadena, California.

Calendar of Events

This column is a public service and there is no charge for listing your event or meeting—so take advantage of the space by sending in your announcement. We must receive the information at least three months prior to the event.

JULY 20-AUGUST 26, Art-A-Fair Festival, Boy's Club, 1085 Laguna Canyon Road, Laguna, Calif., featuring fine artists and crafts-persons. For information, write to P. O. Box 547, Laguna Beach, Calif. 92652.

AUGUST 25 & 26, 11th Annual Antique Bottle Show & Sale presented by the San Bernardino County Historical Bottle and Collectible Club. Big Bear Lake Convention Center, Big Bear, Calif. Adult donation \$1.00. Information (714) 874-0016.

SEPTEMBER 14-16, The Wasatch Gem Society will host the Utah Federation of Gem and Mineralogical Societies' annual convention, National Guard Armory, 5189 S. State, Murray, Utah. Free admission. This show was previously scheduled for September 7 through 9. Dealers, Demonstrations, Swap Tables, Competitive Exhibits, Special Displays.

SEPTEMBER 22 & 23, Harvest of Gems and Minerals, sponsored by the Sequoia Gem and Mineral Society, 1120 Roosevelt Ave., Redwood City, California. Demonstrations, displays, dealers.

SEPTEMBER 22 & 23, Mother Lode Mineralites' 16th Annual Show, "The Show That Shows How," Gold Country Fairgrounds, Auburn, California. Exhibits, demonstrations, slide shows, dealers, field trips. Free admission, parking and camping.

OCTOBER 2-14, Annual Show of the Fresno Gem and Mineral Society, Fresno Dist. Fair, East Kings Canyon Rd., and Chance Ave., Fresno, Calif. Admission to fair covers admission to show.

OCTOBER 6 & 7, The East Bay Mineral Society will present their annual Festival of Gems and Minerals, Scottish Rite Temple, 1547 Lakeside Dr., Oakland, Calif. Dealer space filled. Admission is charged.

OCTOBER 6 & 7, National Prospectors & Treasure Hunters Convention, sponsored by the Prospector's Club of Southern California, Inc., Galileo Hill Park, California City, Calif. Admission and parking free—everyone is invited to attend and participate. Noted guest speakers, latest equipment demonstrated by top manufacturers, organized free activities for children. Camping space available. A great family event. For information write S. T. Conatser, PCSC Convention Chairman, 2590 Fallon Circle, Simi Valley, Calif. 93065.

OCTOBER 6 & 7, Harvest of Gems, sponsored by the Centinela Valley Gem and Mineral Club, Hawthorne Memorial Center, El Segundo Blvd., and Prairie Ave., Hawthorne, Calif. Dealers, displays, demonstrations, ample free parking.

OCTOBER 13 & 14, 4th Gem & Mineral Show sponsored by the Sierra Pelona Rock Club, William S. Hart High School Cafeteria, 24825 N. Newhall Ave., Newhall, Calif. Admission 50 cents adults, children under 16 free. Dealers, Working demonstrations.

OCTOBER 13 & 14, Gem and Mineral Show, San Jose "Rock Trails West," annual show of the Campbell Gem and Mineral Guild, Gateway Hall, Santa Clara, Fairgrounds on Tully Rd., Campbell, California.

OCTOBER 13-21, Fourth Annual Gem and Mineral & Handmade Hobby Jamboree, Sportsman's Club, 6225 Sunburst, Joshua Tree, California. Dealers, free admission and parking.

OCTOBER 13-14, a weekend of fun sponsored by the World-of-Rockhounds Association, Inc. The campsite is the American Progress Mining Claim. Take the Fort Irwin road out of Barstow, California for approximately 16.7 miles. There will be WRA signs marking the turn off—follow them to the campsite. Displays, field trips, auction, campfire activities.

OCTOBER 20 & 21, "Jasper Days '70" sponsored by the Coalinga Rockhound's Society, Inc., Sunset School Cafeteria, 1104 California St., Coalinga, Calif. Dealers, exhibits, camping available, admission free.

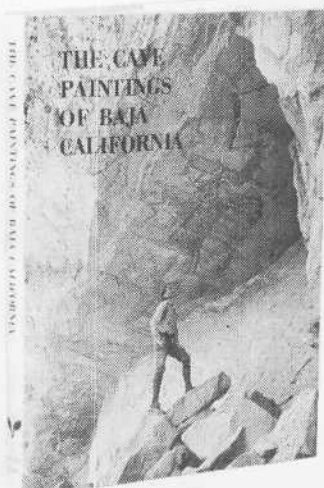
OCTOBER 26-28, Old Pueblo Lapidary & Gem Show, Community Center Exhibition Hall, 350 S. Church St., Tucson, Arizona.

NOVEMBER 10 & 11, The Yucca Valley Gemfest featuring "Desert Rocks & Gems," presented by the Yucca Valley Gem & Mineral Society. The show will be held at the Community Center, 57098 29 Palms Highway, Yucca Valley, Calif. Admission free. Camping and good motels nearby.

NOVEMBER 3 & 4, Bear Gulch Rock Club 17th Annual Gem and Mineral Show, Masonic Hall, 1025 N. Vine, Ontario, Calif. Exhibits, demonstrations, dealer space filled. Free admission and parking.

NOVEMBER 10 & 11, Oxnard Gem and Mineral Society 10th Annual "Galaxy of Gems" Show, Oxnard Community Center, 800 Hobson Way, Oxnard, Calif. Exhibits, Dealers (spaces filled), Demonstrations. Free admission and parking.

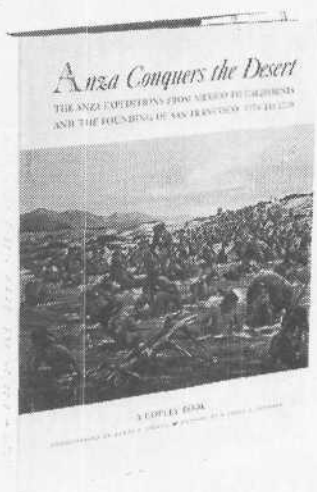
EXPLORING OLD CALIFORNIA AND BAJA



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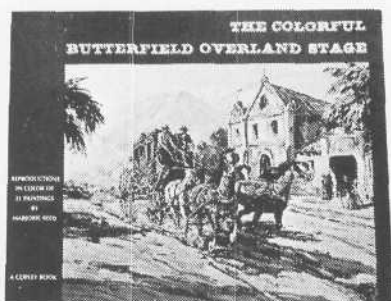
The Cave Paintings of Baja California

A dazzling report on a vast array of the great murals of an unknown people, filled with pages and pages of full color reproductions. A handsome book written by Harry Crosby. List price \$18.50.



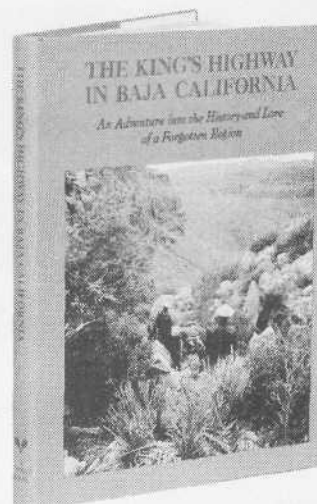
Anza Conquers The Desert

A vivid portrayal of Captain Juan Bautista de Anza's conquest of the Great Desert—an arid wasteland that had impeded the northern advance of the Spanish Empire for 200 years. List price \$12.50.



The Colorful Butterfield Overland Stage

A story in art and text on how the West was first linked to the East. This book depicts the California section, by far the most colorful of the entire route. A new and revised edition of the popular book of the famed paintings by Marjorie Reed Creese which are accompanied by a text for each illustration. List price \$6.50.



The King's Highway in Baja California

Retracing the ancient Mission Road for the first time in 100 years. A fascinating report of exploration in search for the trail of the padres in neighboring Baja California. Beautifully illustrated with photographs, sketches, maps. Cloth. 182 pages. List price \$14.50



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The beauty, lore and history of America's largest state park — the Anza-Borrego Desert. Manificent photographs ... many in full-page color ... trails and sketches. A thoughtful gift for those who love the desert. List price \$10.50.

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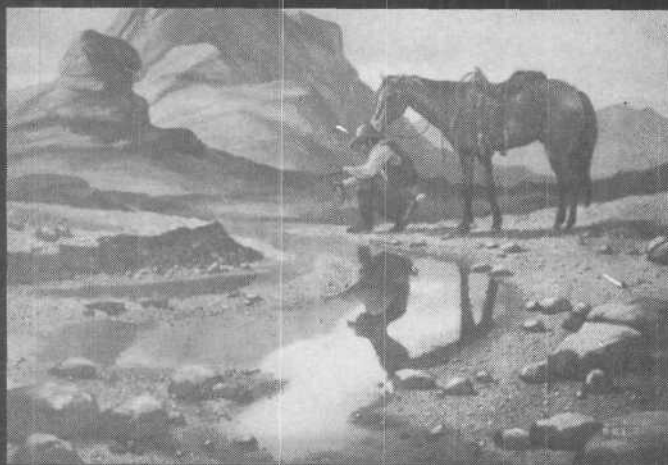
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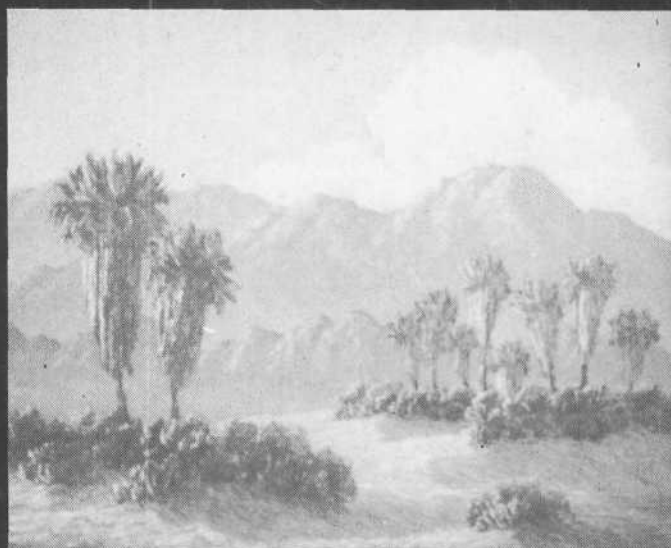
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